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content ourselves with meagre shorthand notes and jottings in diaries from the finest literary critic that our country has ever produced; and why the man who should have been one of our greatest poets is but the creator of a few tantalising fragments of unequalled melody. "Once more, the tragic story of a high endowment with an insufficient will." One consequence of this is that much of Coleridge's thought lies buried in the countless note-books where he was wont to chronicle it, in prospect of its place in some book or poem that never was written. Coleridge himself, in his later years, thought of saving this flotsam and jetsam of his mind from the engulfing waves of Time, and of publishing the scattered records which held—as the sandstone preserves the footsteps of vanished creatures of the prime—

"What I have seen and what I have thought, with a little of what I have felt, in the words in which I told and talked them to my pocket-books, the confidants who have not betrayed me, the friends whose silence was not detraction, and the inmates before whom I was not ashamed to complain, to yearn, to weep, or even to pray!"

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"The first sight of green fields with the numberless nodding gold cups, and the winding river with alders on its banks, affected me, coming out of a city confinement, with the sweetness and power of a sudden strain of music."

Another beautiful and significant passage is one of those notes which Coleridge was, we find, accustomed to jot down for his own satisfaction, with a precise indication of day and hour:

"What a sky! the not yet orb'd moon, the spotted oval, blue at one edge from the deep utter blue of the sky—a mass of pearl-white cloud below, distant, and travelling to the

horizon, but all the upper part of the ascent and all the height such profound blue, deep as a deep river, and deep in colour, and those two depths so entirely one, as to give the meaning and explanation of the two different significations of the epithet. Here, so far from divided, they were scarcely distinct, scattered over with thin pearl-white cloudlets—hands and fingers—the largest not larger than a floating veil! Unconsciously I stretched forth my arms as to embrace the sky, and in a trance I had worshipped God in the moon—the spirit, not the form. . . . Oh, not only the moon, but the depths of the sky! The moon was the *idea*; but deep sky is, of all visual impressions, the nearest akin to a feeling. It is more a feeling than a sight, or rather, it is the melting away and entire union of feeling and sight!"

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In the field of literary criticism the volume is equally rich. In it we pay many a visit in Coleridge's company to "the balmy sunny islets of the blest and the intelligible." There is special interest in the occasional principles of criticism, such as this:

"Never to lose an opportunity of reasoning against the head-dimming, heart-damping principle of judging a work by its defects, not its beauties. Every work must have the former—we know it *a priori*—but every work has not the latter, and he, therefore, who discovers them tells you something that you could not with certainty, or even with probability, have anticipated."

For the modern reviewer, indeed, this is rather a counsel of perfection than a chart for his daily voyage among the reefs and shallows of literature, falsely so called; but one remembers no really great critic who has not taken such a maxim for the head of his corner. Another hint thrown out by Coleridge is full of interest, in view of the present development of minor poets:

"The question should be fairly stated, how far a man can be an adequate, or even a good (as far as he goes), though inadequate, critic of poetry who is not a poet, at least *in posse*? Can he be an adequate, can he be a good critic, though not commensurate with the poet criticised? But there is yet another distinction. Supposing he is not only not a poet, but is a bad poet! What then?"

A full discussion of this question would indeed be very entertaining, though lengthy. It may be noted, in passing, that some of our finest critics have been poets *in esse* as well as *in posse*. Lamb, Matthew Arnold, Johnson, Dryden, Coleridge himself, are names that occur at once to the memory; while Sainte-Beuve, in some ways the greatest of them all, though he published little verse, yet had his full share of "the poet that dies young in each of us." To discuss the position of living critics, as Johnson observed to Boswell on a celebrated occasion, "is always indelicate, and may be offensive." But there are many contemporary instances which seem to illustrate both sides of Coleridge's question. At the same time, one may point out that it would be rather difficult to convince the most prosy of critics, though he had not made a verse since his painful schooldays, that he was not a poet—at least *in posse*.

Among the examples of fine prose, too, which are scattered here and there, one at least must be quoted. It recalls the organ music of Sir Thomas Browne, on whom it was very possibly modelled:

"Our mortal existence, what is it but a stoppage in the blood of life, a brief eddy from wind or concourse of currents in the ever-flowing ocean of pure Activity, who beholds pyramids, yea, Alps and Andes, giant pyramids, the work of fire that raiseth monuments, like a generous victor o'er its own conquest, the tombstones of a world destroyed! Yet these, too, float adown the sea of Time, and melt away as mountains of floating ice."

Lastly, of the many personal notes here given, one need only say that they disturb our previous conception of Coleridge, that "archangel a little damaged," in no essential particular. At the same time they help to vivify it, and must be taken as an indispensable supplement to Mr. Campbell's admirable *Life* and the two volumes of *Letters*. We still see Coleridge in the light of Carlyle's remark, that "to the man himself Nature had given, in high measure, the seeds of a noble endowment; and to unfold it had been forbidden him." But there are many passages here that bear only on the brighter side of the story, and enable us, free from the trammels of external facts, to appreciate the real Coleridge—logician, metaphysician, bard—and to understand his own declaration that his head, in spite of the occasional trouble of "clouds and weeping rain," had "ever been like the head of a mountain in blue air and sunshine." And that, when all is said, is the best thing to remember about the sorely tried, often pitiable, and yet essentially noble Coleridge.

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THIS volume is emphatically one in which both the author and the subject are worthy of each other. Dr. Brown's reputation as a careful historical investigator has already been established by his monumental *Life* of Bunyan, which, from the moment of its appearance, took rank as the standard authority on the subject, a position from which it is not likely to be displaced within the lifetime of any of the present generation. He has now treated with equal fulness and accuracy a topic which ought to be of scarcely inferior interest to the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic, though it is to be apprehended that we have not been quite so mindful of the fame of the Pilgrim Fathers as our American kinsmen have been. Perhaps it may be said that this is only natural, seeing that at the present day there are still many in New England who can trace their lineage to the voyagers of the *Mayflower*, an ancestry more authentic, and certainly deserving of much greater pride, than the descent from some Norman brigand claimed on slender grounds by many English families. Still, the mother country of the exiles ought not to be oblivious of some of its noblest children, badly as it treated them in

the past; and the fact which Dr. Brown mentions in his preface, that it is now more than forty years since any separate treatise on the subject has been written in this country, of itself furnishes sufficient justification, if any such were needed, for the appearance of his work.

After a sketch of those whom he designates the "precursors of the Pilgrim Fathers," Dr. Brown carries us in his second chapter to the little village of Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, which, though there are few probably who have ever heard of its name, is yet one of those obscure spots that have profoundly influenced the destinies of the world. The old manor house formed part of the property of the Archbishops of York, and there Wolsey spent some months after his fall, which suggests to our author a striking historical contrast.

"Little did Wolsey dream that from that same manor house at Scrooby there would, in process of time, go forth a little band of earnest men who would carry across to the new world beyond the Atlantic the principles of freedom and self-government born of that very Reformation he was trying to crush with his dying hand. He could not foresee this, nor could he anticipate that even when eleven years later—in 1541—the king himself slept a night at Scrooby, on his way to the north, the mighty change would have come, and that this new pernicious sect of the Lutherans would be supreme in the State. Yet so it was. In that brief space the king had become a Lutheran himself, the Act of Supremacy had become law, the monasteries were dissolved, the nation had passed over to the Protestant faith, and England was severed from the see of Rome."

This is surely rather an exaggerated view of the religious changes of Henry VIII. Neither the king nor nation can be considered as having really become Protestant in any generally-received sense of the word; and certainly both the former and the majority of the latter would have decidedly repudiated any such description of themselves, in 1541, above all times, after the fall of Cromwell and the passing of the Six Articles.

Passing on to Elizabeth's reign, Dr. Brown traces the growth of Puritan tendencies in Scrooby and the neighbourhood; and now there appears on the scene one of the chief actors in the subsequent history—William Brewster. The events of his life were throughout an exceedingly chequered character, and bring into a strange connexion many features of the time. He had been the intimate friend and trusted subordinate of Davison, the unfortunate secretary of Elizabeth, who was made the scapegoat of his royal mistress's duplicity in connexion with the Scottish Queen's execution. The downfall of his patron naturally involved his own; and he retired to his native village of Scrooby, where he succeeded his father in the office of "post" on the great North road, not quite the same thing as a modern postmaster. His function was not merely the conveyance of official letters (with others the Government had then no concern), but the providing of relays of horses for persons travelling on State business. Important

results followed from this appointment, which could certainly never have been foreseen.

"It seems strange to connect events apparently so wide apart, yet it is almost certain that, but for the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, there would have been no Pilgrim Church at Scrooby or Leyden, no voyage of the *Mayflower*, and no Elder Brewster in Plymouth Church, with all his far-reaching influence in American life."

Throughout Elizabeth's reign Puritan feeling had been strong in Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire, but it is not till the beginning of the seventeenth century that we discern the definite organisation of Separatist communities. This first took shape at Gainsborough, in 1602; and the meetings of the little congregation of Dissenters were attended by many from Scrooby and the neighbouring country, conspicuous among whom were Brewster and his life-long friend and associate, William Bradford. About 1606 the Scrooby brethren formed themselves into a separate congregation, which met in the old manor-house. It was now that Brewster was brought into contact with one in many ways of still greater fame, John Robinson, destined afterwards to be the pastor of the refugees at Leyden. His intellectual eminence is justly appealed to by Dr. Brown as refuting such caricatures of Puritanism as are put forth by writers like Mr. Matthew Arnold—we might also add by romancers like Mr. Shorthouse. In learning he had certainly few equals among his contemporaries, and no production of the period displays a bolder or more tolerant spirit than his farewell address to the Pilgrims on their departure for America.

The storm of persecution fell on the Scrooby community not long after they had organised themselves as a distinct body, and it appears to have been towards the close of 1607 that they resolved upon seeking a refuge in Holland. We are not so well acquainted with the circumstances of this migration as we are with those of the later and more famous voyage; but we know that many difficulties were encountered in leaving England, and that parties of the fugitives were twice arrested on the way.

"The later and detailed story of the wanderings and travels of these exiles both by land and sea has not been told. We only know that they rallied together somewhere; that John Robinson and William Brewster, and other principal members, 'were of the last, and stayed to help the weakest over before them'; that 'notwithstanding all these storms of opposition they all got over at length, some at one time and some at another, some in one place and some in another,' and that on a happier shore they met together again according to their desires, with no small rejoicing."

The history of the exiles in Holland is carefully sketched by Dr. Brown. The period of their residence was an eventful and somewhat melancholy one in the annals of the Dutch Republic. No sooner had the war with Spain been suspended by the truce of 1609 than internal dissensions broke out, in which the chief soldier of the Commonwealth was involved in deadly conflict with its leading statesmen; and this personal quarrel unfortunately mingled

itself with the theological controversy between Calvinist and Arminian. As to what interest the English refugees took in the controversy, we have little information. Their theological convictions were, no doubt, entirely on the Calvinist side; and we read that Robinson once held a three days' discussion with Episcopius, the principal champion of Arminianism in the Leyden University. History, however, is silent as to the feelings with which the Pilgrims viewed the political struggle; and we may trust that such men as Brewster and Robinson were not so carried away by theological partisanship as to view with unqualified approval the arbitrary proceedings of Prince Maurice and his party, culminating in a deed worthy of the Duke of Alba himself—the infamous judicial murder of Barneveld. Dr. Brown is hardly correct in crediting the Dutch Calvinists with being "in favour of a Free Church in a Free State." It is difficult indeed to discern much regard for either civil or religious liberty in the actions of the adherents of Maurice, whom the record of the closing period of his life certainly brands as the unworthy son of a noble sire, brilliant as his military services to his country had been in earlier days.

It may surprise some readers to find that they have gone more than half through the volume before coming to the sailing of the *Mayflower*; but the author could give perfectly valid reasons for the relative space he has assigned to the different portions of his subject. He might justly urge that the New England part of the Pilgrims' story has often been narrated in abundant detail, especially by American writers, while equal pains have not been devoted to tracing out all the English antecedents of the emigrants.

Dr. Brown brings out with emphasis a fact which is often forgotten, that the Pilgrims were not the sole founders of New England, but that a part of greater importance, numerically speaking, was played by a later section of Puritan emigrants differing somewhat in their religious views from the first colonists.

"So far as permanent results are concerned, this second movement was even more important than the first. In romance of circumstance and the charm of personal heroism the story of the Pilgrim Fathers is pre-eminent. They were the pioneers who made it easy for the rest of the host to follow; but it was not so much what they achieved as what they suggested that gives them the place of honour in the history of their country. If the second Puritan exodus, which lasted over the twelve years between 1628 and 1640, had not followed, that of 1620, at its slow rate of increase, would not have been sufficient to create a power strong enough to overcome the combined influence of Indians, Dutchmen, and Frenchmen, and make the English language and the English tradition paramount on North American soil."

While the original Pilgrims were decided Separatists, the new comers belonged to the section of the Puritan party which desired to remain within the communion of the Church of England, though this had been rendered almost impossible for them in the mother country by the proceedings of Laud and his associates. As one of their leaders

said when taking a last glance at the English shores:

"We will not say as the Separatists were wont to say at their leaving of England, 'Farewell Babylon, farewell Rome'; but we will rather say, 'Farewell dear England, farewell the Church of God in England and all the Christian friends there.' We do not go to New England as Separatists from the Church of England, though we cannot but separate from the corruptions in it; but we go to practise the positive part of Church reformation, and propagate the Gospel in America."

This divergence of ecclesiastical views is not, however, so conspicuous as might have been expected in the later history of the colony. Religious dissensions of considerable bitterness, it is true, soon arise; but they are not so much between the original Plymouth settlers and their successors of Massachusetts, as among different portions of the latter themselves. At least, we do not hear of any difficulties on this point in connexion with the union of the four New England colonies in 1643, with which the separate history of the Pilgrim Fathers may be considered to come to a close. Both Separatists and those who repudiated the name seem finally to have settled down into a system of church polity which was something between Presbyterianism and Independency as understood in contemporary England, though generally considered as approximating more closely to the latter. Dr. Brown commonly applies to this system the designation of Congregationalism, though the term is hardly to be found in any writings of the period. Its history is indeed involved in some obscurity, and Dr. Brown would be well qualified for investigating the matter. It seems probable that the expression is of American origin, and has subsequently been brought over to this country, where it has to a large extent supplanted the older designation of Independency, which latter never appears to have been in use on the other side of the Atlantic.

R. SEYMOUR LONG.

Joan the Maid: a Dramatic Romance.
By John Huntley Skrine, Warden of Glenalmond. (Macmillans.)

THIS dramatic setting of the story of Jeanne d'Arc is not inaptly termed a romance, since, like some other human stories of perfectly attested verity, though to a greater degree than most, it abounds in much that would be accounted marvellous or miraculous if found in a fictitious narrative. With equal justice might Mr. Skrine's drama be described as historical. Both in the characters and in the action of the drama history is closely followed. The author has studied, it is clear, the great work of Quicherat. His Georges de la Tremouille has perhaps more of depth and craft than some authorities would allow; but he is endowed with a well-defined personality, and exemplifies, not less than the rest of the leading characters, Mr. Skrine's power of vivid presentation. In one matter only does Mr. Skrine exercise the dramatist's right of invention. This is in the part allotted to Raimond, the youthful esquire of Joan. Even here,

however, it cannot be said that history is violated. Such a love as Raimond's may very well have been a portion of the Maid's story. It forms no alien or earthly element in Joan's heroic career of patient endurance and sacrifice. The delicacy and skill of Mr. Skrine's treatment are indeed admirable. Joan herself is represented as scarcely for a moment conscious of Raimond's love, even in those early days in Domremy, before she had set her hand to the plough. We see her, throughout the drama, absorbed in her mission of salvation, with her face to the enemy, and her heart with her king and her country. The lordship of an unconquerable soul is her serene possession. We see Raimond also transmuted under her example. His youthful passion becomes spiritualised, until it burns as a constant flame of chivalrous devotion. She is for him what the Lavals describe her, in a letter still extant—"a divine thing" both to hear and to look upon.

But apart from historical fidelity, Mr. Skrine has designed that Raimond's love should be not inoperative in the dramatic development. Nothing that the dramatist could devise, if the testimony of history is to be strictly observed, could impair the poignancy of the tragic fate of the Maid; but in dealing with the shame of her abandonment by everybody Mr. Skrine has found the opportunity of putting Raimond's devotion to the proof. That they all forsook her and fled is the most revolting circumstance in this wonderful story. Mr. Skrine's design is to mitigate the intolerable anguish of it. Illusion and invention though it be, who would not embrace the suggested consolation? It is hard to believe that some such attempt at a rescue was not actually planned, as that which occupies Raimond's mind in the fine scene in Joan's prison which Mr. Skrine gives us in the last act of the drama. Impossible is it for any man to read the story of the forsaken and solitary Maid, without feeling even more of resentful incredulity than of wonder that the chivalry of France should have sunk to such abject cowardice. Those who mete out equal censure to the English appear to me to err from right judgment. Such a view is hasty and unimaginative. One must distinguish between those times and ours, and the inevitably diverse points of view of English and French. The French, whose countrywoman she was, who fought with her and shared her triumphs, comprised many who knew how divine a thing she was. And those who did not own her divinity were yet placed in the dilemma of them of old. They witnessed her works and profited by them. The position of the English was much simpler. To them she appeared as one who hath a devil—an honest belief, and intelligible at the time. In the scene referred to, Mr. Skrine makes Joan herself not unconscious that the belief of the English in her magic assisted her somewhat in the field, as it was also to prove her doom:

"Raimond: Joan, if I have dared
Aught, it was taught me by yourself; and you
To daunt me thus! It is the prison shades
Darken your spirit."

Joan: Is it dark? Ah, no,
A light is growing in me, while we talk,
Dim, but it pierces. There's some other way
Of the great victory, Raimond. . . .
This is the price, my soul, it is the price.

Raimond: What mean you?

Joan: That the Maid shall die, because
Without her death there had not been her
deed.

Did not those iron hearts of England break
By their own fable that I fought from hell?
And by that fable must I perish now.
They dared not face me, for they thought me
witch;
And, for they think me witch, they dare not
spare."

Mr. Skrine has made a very considerable addition to English poetical drama. The characters are well and faithfully presented. The scenes are charged with life and movement. Many are the moving and piquant pictures that charm the eye in the course of reading, while the verse arrests the ear with not less insistency by its music and skill. In the art of picture-making Mr. Skrine is beyond question a master. An especially striking example occurs in the third scene of Act i., descriptive of the Maid's setting forth for the attack on the English works at Orleans, mounted on Alençon's black charger, with the banner of her glorious enterprise flying above her. From Orleans to the betrayal at Compiègne, the course of the drama naturally involves not a few of those scenes of "alarums, excursions, and fightings" which are apt to prove among the most intractable material for dramatists. Mr. Skrine, however, has handled these difficulties with much dexterity. J. ARTHUR BLAIRIE.

Old World Japan: Legends of the Land of the Gods. Retold by Frank Rinder. With Twenty Illustrations by T. H. Robinson. (George Allen.)

SINCE Mr. Jacobs's two collections of "Celtic Fairy Tales," there has been published no more delightful volume, in what may be called folk-lore fiction, than the book happily entitled *Old World Japan*. Now and again, as in the instance of the above-named series by Mr. Jacobs, or in that of the Roumanian folk-songs which has been for every lover of literature the opening of a new window upon unfamiliar vistas, we are enriched by books of this kind—books which appeal at once to the folk-lorist and to the unscientific reader who desires nothing more than to be pleased and intellectually interested: books, in a word, which convey to us the *fine-fleur* of folk-lore. It must be admitted that many publications based upon early popular romance-lore are so distorted, so disengaged from their native and only appropriate atmosphere, that they are felt at once by readers of critical intelligence to be insipid, while to the specialist they are worthless and, alas! irritating. True, there is a small class of folk-lorists who would fain place a taboo upon the literary treatment of the subject-matter to which they are so exclusively devoted. These love a folk-tale, not for its poetry, not for its rich human emotion, but because it can have a pin stuck through it, and because it can then be put away and catalogued as one of a thousand co-ordinated specimens.

Not that "loremania" has not its redeeming grace. We must have the bald ground-plan before we can delight in the superstructure. Only, in avoiding the bastard folk-tale, which is neither a true folk-tale nor a good fairy story nor a convincing legendary episode, there are some among us who practically make a virtue of baldness for baldness' sake, and, even with unadulterated and authentic legends, ignore the green leaf and the blossom, and value only the straggling root.

Books such as the "Celtic Fairy Tales" and *Old World Japan* are the flowers sprung through the scoriae of folk-lore; or, let us say, the flowers naturally evolved from folk-lore seed. They are paraphrastic, not metaphrastic renderings, and their appeal will be according as the reader values and is interested by a metaphor or by a paraphrase.

To the student of folk-lore literature—as distinct from folk-lore material—*Old World Japan* is of extreme interest. In the first place, this collection of "Legends of the Land of the Gods" (the one ineptitude in Mr. Rinder's book: for Egypt, or India, or Greece, or Scandinavia might as distinctively be so called) has been admirably put together, and is written with grace, reserve, and sympathy. No more welcome volume could be put in the hands of the boy or girl who craves for the wonder-world: and not less enjoyment is in store for the elders, who will bring to the perusal the old wonder-spirit which is of the essence of youth, along with the curious and correlating mind. In the second place, the student of literature proper, of contemporary vogues and individualities, will note with keen interest, and something of amusement, the prototype of not a little that is held to be essentially modern.

Let the reader turn, for example, to the fourteenth of these tales of *Old World Japan*—that entitled "The Child of the Forest." It would be of interest to know who the teller of this story was, and if an ancient, a medieval, or a modern romancist; for, like many others in this score of tales, "The Child of the Forest" is unquestionably the work of an individual, and not, as are most popular *märchen*, a collective growth." Whoever the author was, he was an ancestral Rudyard Kipling. The hero of this tale is Kintaro, who, in the forest world, became known as Little Wonder. Like Mowgli, Little Wonder "was not as other children." With him, too, the wood-note-wild was native: beast and bird, tree and plant and flower, wind and sun even, were friendly communicants, when not actually comrades or servants. When he was still an infant,

"the butterfly and the downy moth would settle upon his breast, and tread softly over his little brown body."

Later,

"In the remote hills he had no human companions, but the animals were his constant playfellows. . . . Among Kintaro's truest friends were the bears who dwelt in the woods. A mother bear often carried him on her back to her home. The cubs ran out and greeted him joyfully, and they romped and played together for hours. . . . But he loved best of

all to fly through the air with his arms round the neck of the gentle-eyed stag. . . ."

Finally,

"Kintaro reigned as prince of the forest, beloved of every living creature. When he held his court, the bear and the wolf, the fox and the badger, the marten and the squirrel, and many other courtiers were seated around him. The birds, too, flocked at his call. The eagle and the hawk flew down from the distant heights; the crane and the heron swept over the plain. . . . He listened as they told of their joys and their sorrows, and spoke graciously to all, for Kintaro had learned the language and lore of the beasts and the birds and the flowers."

Surely "Kintaro" must be Japanese for "Mowgli," and Little Wonder and Little Frog be one and the same? The coincidence is emphasised by Mr. Robinson's illustrations to this tale. Who, looking at the drawing of Little Wonder as Prince of the Forest, as he sits naked on the council rock, with a wolf by his side, a crane opposite, and four fantastic creatures to his right, but would take the design as one of Mr. Lockwood Kipling's illustrations for *The Jungle Book*?

In the third place the reader, who is a specialist, or at any rate intelligently interested in folk-lore, will find here another proof of its world-wide correspondence. Again and again in *Old World Japan*, which is throughout distinctively oriental and recognisably Japanese, one is reminded of our own extraordinarily rich and beautiful Celtic mythology. Here are episodes, and even whole tales, which, disengaged from what is accidental, might as well have come to us through Dr. Douglas Hyde or Campbell of Islay. How many tales of Hy-Brasil, or Tir-fa-thonn, are suggested by their oriental congener, "The Island of Eternal Youth," as beautifully retold by Mr. Rinder! Change a few names of localities, real or imaginary; for scarlet lily or lotus substitute the purple heather or the white canna, and for "the pendulous fruit of the orange" read "the pendulous rowan-clusters of the quicken"—and this Japanese folk-tale might in perfect keeping be interpolated in "The Voyage of Maelduin," or in any of the old Celtic romances. Here, too, as with the Tir na'n-Og of the melancholy West, the Isle of Youth of the dreaming East appears

"far beyond the faint grey of the horizon, somewhere in the shadowy Unknown. . . . Men rejoice when they catch a glimpse of its branches, though the glimpse be fleeting as a vision at dawn. On the island is endless spring; the air is ever sweet and the sky blue. Celestial dews fall softly upon every tree and flower, and carry with them the secret of eternity. The delicate white bryony never loses its first-day freshness, the scarlet lily cannot fade. . . . Sorrow and pain are unknown; death comes not hither. The Spirit of this island it is who whispers to the Spring in every land and bids her arise."

Ponce da Leon has existed since first came into our world that most subtle and incurable of all ailments of the human spirit—the longing for impossible things, for the lost Edens that never were. Ponce da Leon, or his elder congener Maelduin, or by whatever name we give to that pro-

jection of ourselves which haunts the dim ways that never bring us to vainly imagined goals, exists in all lands as in all times. "Many brave seafarers have sought Horai-za, but have not reached its shores. Some have suffered shipwreck in the attempt, others have mistaken the heights of Fuji-Yama for the blessed Fusan." It is all the same story; and it sounds as naturally on the lips of the Jap as on those of the Celt.

There is an inexhaustible fascination about all primitive creations or growths. Fundamentally, all are close akin, whether developed by the "holy hills of Eiré" or amid the rice-fields of China, by the melancholy shores of the Hebrides or by the "Straits of Fusan," by Himalayan solitudes or Grecian glens, on the plains and plateaux of the South or among the mists and mountains of the North. The charm of a book such as *Old World Japan* lies largely in this universal appeal. There is a land where the citron blows which is on no map: the fairest province of the unsurveyed, frontierless, rainbow-pillared country of Bohemia. In that land of faith—whether it be called Bimini, or Hy-Brasil, or Horai-za—all of us, of whatever race or clime, may sometimes sojourn, if only for the briefest while. And of all the Gates of Faerie perhaps none are so alluring as those of books like that of which I now speak.

In a short, excellently put preface, Mr. Rinder explains the purport of his book, and acknowledges his sources. He professes little, but his modesty does not veil his capacity for this kind of work. Better to retell with charm, with insight, with discrimination, than tell at first hand what may be in a sense more original, but is more commonplace, and much less interesting. Mr. Rinder is not a specialist in the scholarly sense; indeed, without the aid of pioneers such as A. B. Mitford and Prof. Basil Chamberlain, Herr David Brauns and Prof. F. A. Junker von Langegg, and even of Mr. Lafcadio Hearn and other later chroniclers of Japanese life and literature, his delightful "retelling" would have been impossible. But as he does not challenge criticism as a folklorist, and makes no pretence to knowledge of Japanese legendary lore at first hand, he must be the more fully credited with what he has achieved. The several tales, he says, have been selected with a view rather to their beauty and charm of incident and colour, than with the aim to represent adequately the many-sided subject of Japanese lore. The arrangement, however, is no haphazard one. If there is no sequence in details, there is continuity of sentiment: though, it should be added, the first six legendary narratives are epical in subject and treatment, while those that follow are fanciful—a charming and even exquisite fancifulness, indicated by the prose metaphor, from a Japanese poet, quoted on the title-page: "The spirit of Japan is as the fragrance of the wild cherry-blossom in the dawn."

Mr. Frank Rinder has brought to his undertaking not only enthusiasm, but taste, proportion, and a style at once reserved and

easy. If this be his first book, we may look with pleasurable assurance to its successor. It would not be fair to conclude this notice without a word of praise for the sympathetic and able illustrations by Mr. T. H. Robinson. Now and again he makes an awkward mistake: for example, he depicts Shokujo, "the Weaving Princess," in what is really the costume of a courtesan. But, in the main, these have the spirit of *Old World Japan*, even though the form be hybrid. In format, too, the book is worthy of its contents.

WILLIAM SHARP.

NEW NOVELS.

The Voice of the Charmer. By L. T. Meade. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Love in a London Lodging. By F. A. Howden. (Fisher Unwin.)

An Unsought Heritage. By C. G. Furley Smith. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Veil of Liberty. By Péronne. (A. & C. Black.)

The Scripture Reader of St. Mark's. By K. Douglas King. (Hutchinson.)

The Quest of a Heart. By Caldwell Stewart. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

The Wooing of Doris. By Mrs. J. K. Spender. (Innes.)

The Herons. By Helen Shipton. (Macmillans.)

The Leadin' Road to Donegal, &c. By "Mac." (Digby, Long & Co.)

REMEMBERING the high tone and general excellence of Mrs. Meade's previous books, it is matter for regret that she has descended to cheap sensationalism in *The Voice of the Charmer*. We have been nauseated with characters, of whom John Ward is a type—utter villains gifted with a magnetic power which transforms into weak and foolish idiots the men and women brought under its spell. Ward marries Patty Neville, and leaves her within an hour to complete a scheme of fraud he has in hand. He then sends his wife to the Red Lodge—an estate which she was to have inherited by will, if she had not clung to him, and he brings a baronet, Sir Wilfrid Dering, and some others into his machinations. It turns out that he has forged a will by which Patty still comes into the estate, and she is to discover this will. But Mrs. Meade is evidently new to her work; and we are asked to believe that a man who had the courage and ability to imitate the testator's signature had the incredible folly to compel two persons to witness it as genuine, thus completely putting himself within their power. The whole thing appears to us poorly constructed, and again and again we feel tempted to cry out against the silliness of the characters. Ward himself is a melodramatic ass. "Is a brain like mine to be turned?" he exclaims. "Is reason like mine to be unseated from its throne for the sake of any woman? No, I say—a thousand times no. I want her, and she shall come. I will her to come." His influence is such over his wretched wife that she is brought to say, "The path of

evil is good—very good. I understand at last the full joy of sinning; it is an intoxicating and very delicious joy." In the end they both go down to death together in a flood. This story is altogether inferior to Mrs. Meade's earlier and healthier work.

A painful story of disillusion is related in *Love in a London Lodging*. We are not sure that it was worth the telling, for the author lacks the talent of a George Gissing to deal adequately with such a subject. Adrian Conyers, the hero, is a pinchbeck sort of creature. He marries Kate Searle, only to convince her immediately of his heartlessness and infidelity; and his cruelty at length almost drives her into an elopement, and the consequent ruin of her own life. She has the courage, however, not to take the final step. The narrative has a very lame conclusion. We cannot say that the book would do any one the least earthly good to read, while to some it might prove injurious.

The picture of the colony of emancipated women in *An Unsought Heritage* is cleverly and graphically drawn. In St. Ursula's Chambers, Bloomsbury, is a female Bohemia gathered together to fight their way in the world. The most conspicuous of them are Alison Brand, journalist, and Anita Tobiasson, a medical student of great originality but small personal attraction. She is affectionately called Toby by her intimates. The lady journalist got into trouble with the *Irkham Standard*—of which she was London correspondent—because she would deal with such serious questions as capital and labour and strikes, instead of retailing Society gossip. Every Irkham lady had a right to hear about a Court gown. "She could then condemn its extravagance, doubt its propriety, and have a copy of it made for her next dinner party." Even emancipated girls cannot escape the love fever, and these had it badly. Alison found her fate in Alan Mavor, whom she nearly lost, first, through the scheming of a rival, who tried to poison her, and, secondly, through her own "unsought heritage"—wealth, which she thought ought to have gone to Mavor. Toby found a husband after her own heart in the scientific investigator Ellis. There are some other characters in whom the reader will feel interested. Miss Furley Smith is a writer of much skill and power, as her *Quixote the Weaver* proved. Her new venture is very bright and sparkling, and not only enlists attention from the very first, but retains it all through.

The story of the French Revolution forms the groundwork of *The Veil of Liberty*. The tale is largely associated with the fortunes and the misfortunes of the Girondins; but the author is content with general references to the cruel excesses of the Revolution, and spares us the gruesome details. The book opens with the declaration of the civil rights of Protestants in 1788, and shows particularly how it affected a certain Huguenot family of Languedoc, who hailed the news as the dawning of a new millennium. They journeyed to Paris, full of hope and joy; but, alas! in that gay capital their trials and sufferings soon began. We shall not attempt to outline

them. Some of the characters and incident have a historical basis, and a strong side-light is thrown on many of the events which darkened France between 1789 and 1795.

Sad and touching are the experiences recorded of *The Scripture-Reader of St. Mark's*. Never, probably, was a human soul faced by a more perplexing moral problem than was the case with Lee, the Scripture-reader, when he rescued a despairing woman from death one winter night. It raises the old question whether one should do a little wrong to effect a still greater good; and we shall not be Lee's judges. This volume is strongly conceived and written in an uncommon vein. We cannot say that from the literary standpoint it takes more than average rank, but it certainly does so in its tragic pathos and intensity.

The whole atmosphere of *The Quest of a Heart* is oppressively good. Any one more thoroughly in the confidence of the Almighty than the heroine, Stella Morris, we have never met with in fiction. From the very first chapter to the last, she is ready as regards all the characters—no matter what the nature of their trials, their joys, or their sorrows—to point the true moral of every incident, and to pour in the balm of religious consolation. "Stella looked strangely attractive, calmly majestic, when she was in earnest;" and as she happened to be in earnest about most things always, it will be apparent what a womanly paragon she was. But we do wish that novelists, when they want to make their heroines create musical sensation, would vary the programme a little from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." No girl that we ever heard of played with the genius, or talked with the eloquence, of Stella Morris, even making allowance for the fact that, when she lost herself in her performances, she rose to an "immortal platform." There is one sad episode related with some skill—that of the frivolous Deborah, lost to a good life through the religious cant and formalism of her mother.

The late Mrs. Spender has left us a natural and clever story in *The Wooing of Doris*. The child life of the boy and girl lovers, Roger and Doris, is naively described, and their later trials, before they ultimately became man and wife, are in parts powerfully depicted. Doris's father, who is Roger's guardian, makes ducks and drakes of his ward's property, while his wild mining schemes bring hundreds of other victims to poverty. All this Doris becomes aware of, so she will not marry Roger when she may. Her father dies dishonoured and disgraced; but a Colonel Ashley—who knows that she is in no wise to blame—magnanimously defends her, and ultimately marries her. Some years after his death she can no longer refuse Roger, who has remained true to her through all. The narrative is pleasantly and smoothly written.

In *The Herons* Miss Shipton has written a beautiful and sympathetic study of human life. The fortunes and characters of the two brothers, Edmund and Cosmo Heron,

are described with rare skill; and the almost Quixotic affection of Cosmo for the scapegrace of the family is one of the most touching things we have met with for many a day. The proud father and mother, too, are drawn with great clearness, and the same may be said of Edmund's pathetic little children. There is an atmosphere of truth and reality about the book which will make the reader wish to hear from the author again.

Thoroughly racy of the soil are the Irish sketches entitled *The Leadin' Road to Donegal and other Stories*. We know something of what Celtic imagination and humour are, and "Mac" is prodigal of both. Some of the stories are extremely "tall," and the reader's sides will ache with laughter over such sketches as "The Last of the Hedge Schoolmasters" and "Dinny Monaghan's Last Keg." This volume may be prescribed with confidence to any one suffering from a fit of the blues.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

GIFT BOOKS.

The Carved Lions. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Leslie Brooke. (Macmillans.) It must now be full twenty years since Mrs. Molesworth began her long series of story-books for children at Christmas-time, though not everybody knows that she first wrote under the pseudonym of "Ennis Graham." Her later volumes have not—it must be admitted—preserved all the charm and quaintness of the inimitable Carrots and Herr Baby. But still she has found no rival in her own particular genre—the representation of the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the fun and the naughtiness of innocent childhood. Her "grown ups" are by no means so convincing, even as regarded from the point of view of their juniors. In the present story we are introduced to some of the most disagreeable schoolmistresses that we have met since the days of *Villette*, and the father and mother are even more shadowy than usual. But no one will deny that the experiences and sufferings of the little girl are touched with a masterly hand. Mr. Leslie Brooke's illustrations indicate something of a return to the old-fashioned draughtsmen who drew for the wood. They are sympathetic and really interpretative; while in the case of the dream-lions flying through the sky, true imagination is shown. On the other hand, we are compelled to remark that the little boy in the frontispiece is certainly not dressed as he would have been fifty years ago—*teste me ipso*.

The Marvellous Adventures of Sir John Maundeville, Kt. Edited and profusely Illustrated by Arthur Layard. With a Preface by John Cameron Grant. (Westminster: A. Constable.) Mr. Layard has done into modern spelling, with such changes of diction as were needed to make it generally intelligible, the old translation (formerly thought to be the original) of the famous wonder book of the fourteenth century. Whether his version in all cases represents the sense with strict accuracy, we have not been careful to ascertain; at any rate, it is delightful reading. The illustrations will not find unqualified favour with art critics; but they show remarkable power of grotesque invention, and a thorough appreciation of the fantastic extravagances of the text. The writer of the preface believes in Maundeville's authorship, and sneers at "the dogmatism of destructive doubt" exhibited by those who deny it. Of course, this shows either that he

has never studied the investigations of Col. Yule, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. Warner, or that he is not competent to understand their arguments. To do Mr. Grant justice, he does perceive that the English version cannot be Maundeville's own work. In proof of this "destructive" conclusion, he cites several errors of the translation, which have very properly been corrected in Mr. Layard's version. Mr. Grant also mentions the charmingly funny blunder in Thomas Wright's modernised version, by which "the people of Bragman" are made to say that their treasure consists in "acorns and peas," instead of *accord and peace*! The index, for the merit of which special credit is claimed in the preface, is only moderately good, so far as the proper names are concerned.

Snow Bird and Water Tiger, and other American Indian Tales. By Margaret Compton. With drawings by W. C. Greenough. (Lawrence & Bullen.) Based upon the folk-lore gathered by Schoolcraft, Catlin, Copway, and other well-known ethnologists, these tales are charged with the barbaric conceptions which endow man and beast with a common life and nature, and make of all things "that on earth do dwell" a helpful commonwealth, wherein that which is "primitive," as we loosely call it, holds an element of truth which science has made clearer. From Iagoo, the little, old, twisted-bodied Indian—one, withal, large-eyed and strong-limbed—who crouches by the wigwam fire when the lakes are frozen and the fish cannot be caught, the young pale-faces hear the tales of the braves of olden time, of the wonders wrought by the birds of the air, and even by the feathers plucked from their wings. Such titles as "Snow Bird" and "Water Tiger," "Mad Buffalo," and "Thunder Bird" might lead us to expect that here, too, as among the negroes of the plantations, the beast-fable was dominant. But these names are totemic, and the themes are the valour of men and the love of women. Of this last the story of Bending Willow is a charmingly told, if familiar, specimen. A rich and hideous old chief woos the girl whose heart is given to a young and handsome brave. To escape her doom—for the parents, after the manner of their kind, pressed the suit of the senile plutocrat—Bending Willow threw herself into the Niagara rapids; but the Spirit of Cloud and Rain caught her up and kept her in secret places till the old chief had drunk and died of the water poisoned by the Serpent of the Well. Then the Spirit of Cloud and Rain led Bending Willow safely over a bridge of mist, and in the Moon of Flowers the young lover came, "cast a red deer at her feet, and they were happy ever after."

Fairy Tales of the Slav Peasants and Herdsmen. From the French of Alex. Chodsko. Translated and Illustrated by Emily J. Harding. (George Allen.) That "big story-teller," the late W. R. S. Ralston, was the first to make known to us the wealth of Slavonic folk-lore in his translations of *skazkas*, or Russian folk-tales, from Afanasiief, Erlewein, and other collectors. His book, long out of print, appeared in 1873. Naaké's, with specimens of Polish, Bohemian, and Servian stories, was published a year later; and since then there have been goodly additions to the list. The twenty tales which Chodsko has filtered through a French medium (we remember, somehow, a complaint of his that the Teutons had appropriated many of the Slav tales), and which Miss Harding has Englished, are capital reading for children. They are not encumbered by any baggage of notes; and adults, to whom they are also commended in the preface, must seek elsewhere for such speculations on the relation of the stories to both Eastern and Western variants as

interest the student of comparative folk-lore. Folk-tales, like the elements, give more and more indication of allotropic qualities, or as being compounded of some *prima materia* whose differences consist in its varied combinations. For to which ever of the tales in this book that we turn, we have reminders of like incidents and of substantial identity of plot, in other collections—in Grimm and Campbell, in Frere and the Arabian Nights. For example, the "Punchkin" of *Old Deccan Days*, the "Giant who had no Heart in his Body," of *Tales from the Norse*, and a score others of which the "separable soul" is the kernel, have their correspondence in Kosley, who dies when the prince crushes the egg which holds his life and death. Kosley, who is here the central figure of "The Spirit of the Steppes," appears in Ralston's collection as "Koshchei the Deathless." And so the parallels between Orient and Occident, and between local variants, might be pursued. But these trouble not the audience, to whom we hope that both text and illustrations—which last have a vigour in keeping with the Slav character—will make successful appeal.

The Golden Rock. By Ernest Glanville. (Chatto & Windus.) For variety and sensationalism in adventure it would be hard to beat this story, even in these days when boys' books are filled with impossibilities. Were it not for the plot, which renders *The Golden Rock* an organic whole, one would feel inclined to say that Mr. Glanville had set himself to prove that he can combine imitations of all the great artists in adventure, from Jules Verne to Mr. Rider Haggard. The beginning is rather commonplace. Frank Hume is left by his uncle, an old African trader, a legacy consisting chiefly of a map that indicates where a treasure may be found. But circumstances compel Frank in the first place to serve on board a mysterious warship, having as its "financial director" a beautiful and capricious young woman, a Miss Austrade, who is bent on succouring, and if need be avenging, her father, who is engaged in civil war in Brazil. So he has quite a host of battles and other adventures by sea before he proceeds, in the company of Miss Austrade and Webster, a chum whom he has made on board ship, to his proper mission in South Africa. Then, of course, he has all sorts of troubles to face at the hands of Zulus and a mysterious enemy who knows his secret. All ends well, of course. No story, indeed, could well be cleverer or more exciting; but it seems to us that here and there, at all events, Mr. Glanville strains a point for the sake of effect.

At War with Pontiac. By Kirk Munroe. (Blackie.) This story may be distinguished from most of the class to which it belongs by its old-fashioned style, in both writing and plot, which recalls that of Fenimore Cooper. The theme, too, is one of Cooper's, being a story of fighting in the eighteenth century between English and redskins. But, instead of the Hurons and Mohicans, we have the historical Pontiac, whose "conspiracy" at Fort Detroit nearly threw the American continent into the hands of the French. Donald Hester, the sturdy young hero of the book, is lucky enough, in one sense, to fall into the hands of the Indians, the result being that he comes in the most impressive manner under the spell of the "magic circle," which, in turn, when he meets Pontiac—or rather when Pontiac meets him—serves him in good stead, much as the mystery of Freemasonry would have done. There is an abundance of adventure in the story, and it will be thoroughly enjoyed by boys.

Hugh Melville's Quest. By F. M. Holmes. (Chambers.) There is abundance of life and incident of every conceivable kind in this story of the adventures of the boy Hugh

Melville, in the days of the Armada. We have a weird alchemist, a pedlar whom Hugh's mother warns him against as a being as dangerous as a venomous serpent, and a Spanish spy known as "the Rat," and ultimately drowned like one. But Hugh Melville's chief object in joining Drake and Hawkins in fighting the Armada is to find his brother who is working in the Spanish service as a galley-slave. In this quest he ultimately succeeds. All ends well. Mr. Holmes has produced a really excellent historical romance of the sort suited for the comprehension of boys. It is full of Kingsleyan vigour.

Eric the Archer. By Maurice Hervey. (Edward Arnold.) Very terrible indeed is Eric Mandreth, man of Kent, and archer with Sir John Chandos, one of the Black Prince's foremost knights. He is very nearly seven feet in height. He bears down the opposition of half-a-dozen men as easily as he bears down the opposition of one. He can crunch a lion as easily as he can a man or a horse. And it is only after he is married—and very happily married—that he allows himself to be unhorsed by Sir John Chandos. He has plenty of adventures in England, in France, and among the Moors. And then he has the best of supporters, or Sancho Panzas, in the archer Dickson, his defeat of whom, in the beginning of the book, is the first, and not the least remarkable, of his deeds of prowess. Enough has been said to show that *Eric the Archer* is a very interesting historical romance. It is admirably written.

Stories from English History, from Richard II. to Charles I. By A. J. Church. With many illustrations. (Seeley.) This little volume contains twenty-six "stories," beginning with the rebellion of Wat Tyler and ending with the execution of Charles I. Mr. Church makes no attempt at imaginative embellishment, but relates the historical facts in a simple and interesting style. The illustrations have the merit of being not mere fancy pictures, but taken from paintings or drawings in most cases contemporary with the events they represent; but the reproduction is not so good as could be wished.

Tudor Queens and Princesses. By Sarah Tytler. (Nisbet.) Whatever Miss Tytler writes is sure to have merits. She knows her subject, and knows also how to present it to her readers. Her Christmas book is a solid one, and will be read with interest by girls who like English history. We do not quite understand why Henry VIII's wives should be spoken of as "Tudor Queens"; for, so far as we know, none of them had any Tudor blood in their veins, and of course the same remark applies to the venerable Margaret. However, without them the volume would lose much of its value.

Shaven Crown. By M. Bramston. (S.P.C.K.) Miss Bramston has written no abler or pleasanter story than this tale "of the conversion of the Surrey Border." The ability is shown chiefly in the tact and knowledge which contrive to put before us very vividly the rough reality of life in England thirteen hundred years ago, and to make us understand what the work of an early missionary to the Saxon tribes in our island was like. "Shaven Crown," Denis the Frank, is the hero of the tale. He is a warrior, converted to Christianity in spite of himself by the grim facts of his life, and into his missionary work he carries all the ardour and courage of his nature. He cannot learn to write, but he learns to control his anger, and proves an indomitable martyr. We prefer Denis to any other character in the story; but the heroine, Swangift, is an excellent sketch of a Saxon girl. The modern reader grudges her to her lover, Ermouric, who is a

poor creature. The illustrations by Claude Shepperson are creditable.

Titus: a Comrade of the Cross. By F. M. Kingsley. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Titus is the penitent thief, and the son of Caiaphas, the High Priest. His adventures are woven into a life of Christ, told without any striking power, either imaginative or dramatic, but yet so simply and earnestly that the book will offend no one, and doubtless help many to realise more vividly the story of the Gospels. The writer has a certain faculty for story-telling which keeps our attention fixed. Unfortunately the book challenges comparison with *Ben-Hur*, a much stronger and abler "tale of the Christ." *Titus* may claim, perhaps, to be a *Ben-Hur* suited for girls. The pains spent upon the volume have been considerable, and make it of value as an explanation and harmony of the Gospel narratives.

The Village of Youth. By Bessie Hatton. (Hutchinson.) This collection of tales might more fittingly be called "Tales of the Twilight." The title is misleading. Youth plays no part in Miss Hatton's fairyland. It is a world of grief-stricken, sorrow-laden princesses. Laughter is unknown. To the reader who sees life with young eyes the melancholy of the book will be its chief charm, but to us it is regrettable. We sigh for the hobgoblins of Grimm, and the refreshing merriment in Hans Andersen's shorter stories. There is both poetry and imagination in the first tale, but even this needs relief. The illustrations by W. H. Margetson are charming, and the book is artistically finished.

The Cruise of the Rover Caravan. By Gordon Stables, R.N. (Nisbet.) Dr. Stables' caravan is a familiar object—we have ourselves seen it in the streets of London—and we can believe that in fine weather it offers "an idyllic mode of travelling." In this cheery volume, which will be a favourite with boys, he takes us with him to the far north as well as to the far east, and tells us how merrily the inmates of the caravan, including Polly Gordon, the parrot, Linten Lowerin, the cat, and Lady Bute, the dog, enjoyed their wanderings. They met with many friends, and some adventures, and learnt more about Great Britain than books on geography would teach them. We can recommend the book without qualification.

A Victory Won. By Annie S. Swan. (Hutchinson.) We have here a story of "Scotch manners, Scotch religion, and Scotch drink," especially of the last. Annie Swan will not deny that, even although she introduces into her story an English lady journalist and two Frenchmen—the one selfish, and the other very much the reverse—this is essentially a story of Fife and of drink. It is liquor that makes Mr. Kerr, of the Haugh, by Kinghorn, so treat his wife that she dies; it also brings about a quarrel ending in a rather vulgar fight between him and his son Claud. Then Eleanor Kerr loses her lover, Allardyce, who is captured by the lady journalist with whom she lives in London. Mrs. Kerr's death is a useful martyrdom; for it brings about the reformation and reconciliation of her husband and her son, and the return of Eleanor to look after the one stricken parent that is left. It will thus be seen that *A Victory Won* is a superior temperance tale.

There was Once a Prince. By Mary E. Mann (Henry.) This is a pathetic tale of Tolly Rolfe, the neglected little stepdaughter of James Straker, a brutal farmer. Those who read Miss Mann's story learn how the black sheep of the village and the most wayward scholar of the parish school grows up to be a teacher at St. Cecilia's College, and is just starting as English teacher in Paris when all

ends happily. To pay Miss Mann a great compliment, there is a certain resemblance between her Tolly Rolfe and Maggie Tulliver.

Ten Talents. By Helen Shipton. (S.P.C.K.) Alan Hatton is the son of a country grocer. When first introduced to us he is assisting in his father's shop, but reserving his chief energy and interest for social and religious work under the guidance of the local curate. His father suddenly inherits a fortune, and the tale proceeds to relate Alan's efforts to live up to the ideals he had cherished before wealth came. The book has no obvious moral attached to it, which makes it all the more real. The perplexities of a young man, who plants himself suddenly in a poor parish in order that he may regenerate the neighbourhood, are graphically and naturally told. Several of the characters are drawn with decision, and the tone of the book is excellent. It is well above the average of the ordinary story for Sunday reading.

At Duty's Call. By Edith M. Daughlish. (S.P.C.K.) This is the familiar story of the nicely brought up girl who is suddenly pitchforked into a rowdy, wicked family of untamed children, and by the meekness with which she endures her martyrdom converts all her tormentors into models of propriety. It is an old story; but Edith M. Daughlish tells it very briskly and brightly, so that we scarcely realise that we have read it before. Young people of all ages will enjoy the tale, which is pleasantly illustrated by F. Barnard.

Piston Parish: a Story for Young Men and Women. By F. Moore. (S.P.C.K.) A capital book for the servants' hall library or to be circulated in country villages. Miss Moore is occasionally somewhat slipshod, as when she speaks of "taking things right away to her room," or of a "reliable" man, or of a mistress being "thoroughly furious" when her jewellery is stolen. Moreover, it is illegal to sell spaces in a churchyard for graves before those who are to occupy them are dead.

In Humble Dales. By C. E. Mallandaine. (S.P.C.K.) This title is somewhat of a mimomer, as the story unfolds itself, first in a country hall and next in the Black Country. The heroine is a sweet, unaffected maiden, doing what good she can around her; and her quiet, simple influence ought to be of use to all girls.

Paul Heriot's Pictures. By Alison McLean. (Frederick Warne.) This is a collection of short stories, pictures of still life, with a flavour of High Churchism about them. "The Christmas Dog" has a certain pathetic power, which gives promise of the future. The illustrations, by H. R. Steer, are pretty.

Judith. By E. Everett Green. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.) This history of a money-lender's daughter contains an unlikely love-story somewhat over-weighted with religious reflections. Either by themselves would have been preferable. That a young man would make confessions to and allow himself to be guided by a girl much below him in social station is as improbable as that, being a fly-fisherman, he would fish "in the quiet depths of the mill-pool." But the whole story is full of solecisms. An engaged man would scarcely tell his fiancée that "other women are not fit to black your boots," nor do men generally say to each other "You young blockhead."

We thought we were going to find in *The Gold of that Land* (Religious Tract Society) a digger's adventures in Africa or Westralia; but the authoress takes us only to Italy, and views matters rather as a Protestant than as a seeker after mammon. To us it seems a dull book; but, happily, tastes vary.

NOTES AND NEWS.

UNDER the auspices of an influential committee it has been arranged to hold, next year, in the galleries of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, a Burns exhibition, in commemoration of the centenary of the poet's death. The exhibition will be open from July to October, and will include Burns MSS., books, pictures, and other relics; there will also be a collection of portraits and pictures of the men, women, and places celebrated in his works. Lord Rosebery will act as honorary president, and Sir James Bell, Lord Provost of Glasgow, as president. The lists of patrons and office-bearers include the Duke of Fife, the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Montrose, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Mr. W. E. Henley, Mr. Andrew Lang, Prof. Bradley, and Prof. Saintsbury. The committee make an appeal for loans to all owners of Burns books, MSS., &c.

MESSRS. GREEN & SONS, of Edinburgh, announce an Encyclopaedia of the Law of Scotland, under the general editorship of Mr. John Chisholm, advocate and barrister-at-law. The mode of publication will be in twelve quarterly parts, of about 200 pages each, forming in all three large volumes. In a long list of those who have promised to contribute we notice the names of Sheriff Mackay, Prof. Rankine of Edinburgh, Prof. J. Dove Wilson of Aberdeen, Prof. Goudy of Oxford, Sheriff Vary Campbell, Prof. Mackenzie of Edinburgh, and Sir Ludovic J. Grant.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. have in the press a book entitled *The Union of England and Scotland: a study of international history*, by Dr. James Mackinnon, examiner in history in the University of Edinburgh.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces *The Life and Letters of Admiral Sir B. J. Sullivan*, including personal narratives of active service during the Parana campaign in 1846, and with the Baltic Fleet during the Crimean War. The volume, which is being edited by Mr. H. N. Sullivan, a son of the late admiral, will have a map, plans, and other illustrations.

MR. C. D. CUNNINGHAM and Capt. W. de W. Abney—Alpine climbers will be glad to hear—have undertaken to superintend the reproduction of a facsimile of Christian Almer's *Führerbuch*, with an introduction and a photograph portrait. The edition will be limited to 200 copies.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish immediately an anthology of *English Verse from Elizabeth to Victoria*, edited by Mr. Oswald Crawford, who claims to have included as many unknown or little known pieces as room could be made for, and also some poems that are marked chiefly by humour. It will form a volume of about 400 pages.

MESSRS. NICHOLS will publish early in the new year a translation of the *Memoirs of Barère*, who is chiefly known in England from Macaulay's famous essay. Hippolyte Carnot, the son of the great Carnot, and the father of the late President, contributed an exhaustive biographical introduction when he edited the work in 1843. The translation is by Mr. de V. Payen-Payne.

MAJOR T. FISHER, late of the 21st Hussars, author of several books on sport and natural history, will publish immediately, with Messrs. Bentley, another volume of the same kind, to be entitled *Outdoor Life in England*.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS have in the press *The X Jewel*, a Scottish romance of the days of James VI., by the Hon. Frederick Moncreiff.

MR. F. C. GOULD, so widely known as a political caricaturist, is about to come before

the public in another capacity. A children's book of stories and pictures, done by himself, is to be published immediately in the "Westminster Gazette Library," the title being *Who Killed Cock Robin?*

THE Tower Publishing Company will issue next week *A Little Love Affair*, by Gyp, as the first volume of the "Vagabond Library."

Two new volumes of verse are announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock: *Urana, and Other Astronomical Poems*, by Samuel Jefferson; and *Meetings and Partings*, by E. C. Ricketts.

So large has been the demand for the December part of *Cassell's Magazine* (in which Mr. E. W. Hornung's novel "Irralle's Bushranger" was issued) that a first large edition has already been exhausted, and a second is in preparation.

THE Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland is to hold its eighth annual conference at the Merchant Taylors' School from January 14 to 18. The chief subjects for discussion will naturally be the recommendations set forth in the recent report of the Royal Commission on the organisation of secondary education. The selected speakers include five members of that Commission, one of whom, Prof. Jebb, will deliver the presidential address.

THE council of the Royal Statistical Society have awarded the Howard medal of 1895 to Mr. John Watson, for his essay on "Reformatory and Industrial Schools."

UNDER the auspices of the Sunday Lecture Society, Mr. J. Churton Collins will deliver an address to-morrow at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, on the question: "Was Shakspeare an Agnostic?"

In an interesting sale last week at Bristol of the collection of a local antiquary, dating from the first half of the century, there was included two pages of a poem in the handwriting of Chatterton. It was acquired, at the price of £70, for the Bristol Library, which already possesses a good number of Chatterton relics. In the catalogue it was merely stated that the fragment was first printed in the edition of 1803. As a matter of fact, it appears in its due place, towards the end of a long satirical poem entitled "Kew Gardens," appended to Dr. Dix's *Life of Chatterton* (1837), which is stated to be "printed from a transcript in the handwriting of the late Mr. Isaac Reed," now in the British Museum. The variant readings in the Chatterton MS. (as quoted in the *Western Daily Press*) do not seem to be recorded in Prof. Skeat's Aldine edition.

Correction.—In line 10 of "An Eleventh Century Ballad of Sweet William," in last week's ACADEMY, for "the late twelfth century" read "the late eleventh century."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE research fellowship at Exeter College, Oxford, for which it is understood that there was a large number of highly qualified candidates, has been awarded to Mr. W. H. Stevenson. During more than twenty years past Mr. Stevenson has been a devoted student of the original materials of old English history, training himself not only by personal examination of the documents, but also by a thorough knowledge of the philological questions involved. He first became known by his edition of the records of his native town of Nottingham, published in four volumes by Mr. Quaritch. For some time past he has been engaged in preparing for the Public Record Office a Calendar of the Close Rolls of Edward III.; and only last month the Clarendon Press issued the Crawford charters in the Bodleian Library, edited by him, jointly with Prof. Napier.

Freeman used to say of Mr. Stevenson, that "it was just for men like him that fellowships were intended." We trust that he will now find opportunity to complete the Old English Onomasticon, for which he is known to have made large collections.

FROM Cambridge, also, the important news of the week is in connexion with the study of English. The general board of studies has at last reported in favour of establishing a university lectureship in English, at a stipend of £50. Even this scanty endowment is only partly provided out of the subscriptions collected in response to the private appeal issued by Prof. Skeat, who has further undertaken to pay for five years any deficiency that may be required to make the interest on the capital up to £50. It is to be hoped that the public will so act that the professor may be relieved from this generous guarantee.

MR. K. H. BREUL, university lecturer in German at Cambridge, has been approved by the general board of studies for the degree of Doctor in Letters.

ON the afternoon of Monday next, in the botanical theatre of University College, Prof. T. G. Bonney will be presented with a portrait of himself, which has been subscribed for by his former pupils both at Cambridge and in London, "as a memento of their personal esteem and gratitude." The portrait has been painted by Mr. Trevor Haddon, who has also superintended a platinotype reproduction of it.

ON the recommendation of the Teachers' Training Syndicate, Mr. H. Courthope Bowen has been appointed to deliver a course of twelve lectures, at Cambridge, during the Lent term of next year, on "The History of Education."

THE Walsingham medal at Cambridge—for an essay giving evidence of original research on some botanical, geological, or zoological subject—has been awarded to Mr. I. L. Tuckett, of Trinity.

THE Woodwardian Museum at Cambridge has received the following: (1) by bequest from the late James Carter, the whole of his collection of fossil crustacea, together with the MS. of a work upon the group which he was preparing; and (2) by gift from an American gentleman, a portrait of the late Prof. Thomas Sterry Hunt.

THE University of Cambridge has made a grant of certain books printed at the Pitt Press to the following public libraries: Carlisle, Luton, Newington, Penzance, St. George's, Hanover-square, and St. Saviour's, Southwark.

THE twenty-fifth annual report of the delegates shows that the number of non-collegiate students at Oxford has been gradually increasing during the last four years, though it is still far below the period from 1876 to 1883. Except in the case of Responsions (where more than one half failed), the result of the examinations seems very satisfactory. The two most popular Schools are theology and modern history. The delegates expressly state that the necessary expenses of a non-collegiate student need not exceed £60 a year—including university dues, tuition, board and lodging. The most interesting section of the report is that dealing with special students, who do not desire to pass through the Arts course, but who may be exempted from the ordinary entrance examination on the ground that they show evidence of fitness for their special subject. During the last nine years the number thus admitted has been 115, of whom the great majority were already graduates of some other university. Of these, thirty-four came from the United States, nine from the Continent, eight from India, and five from the

Colonies. The following were the subjects chosen for study: classics, 10; mathematics, 1; jurisprudence, 9; modern history, 1; theology, 82; natural science, 3; oriental studies, 3; English, 6. The large numbers under theology are, of course, due to the inclusion of members of Mansfield and Manchester Colleges. Apart from this, the figures afford some evidence of the extent to which the new degrees of Bachelor of Letters and of Science are likely to be sought.

TRANSLATION.

HOMER—HYMN TO DIONYSOS.

Or Dionysos now my song shall be,
Famed Semele's son, and I will tell how he
On a tall rock above the barren flow
Of the salt sea in mortal guise did show,
Like to a goodly youth with raven hair.
From his strong shoulders hung a mantle fair
Of richest purple dye. There as he stood,
Anon there came upon the wine-dark flood,
In a swift galley, a marauding crew
Of wild Tyrrhenians. These, as nigh they drew,
By ill-fate led, the youth beheld that seemed
Some scion of Jove-nurtured kings. Then gleamed
Their eyes with lust of plunder, and ashore
They leapt, and captive to their swift ship bore
And fain would bind the youth, but from his hands
And from his feet fell off the withy bands.
Serene sat he the while with lustrous eye,
And on his captors smiled complacently.
Thereat the startled helmsman to the crew
Made loud appeal:

"Fools! know ye what ye do?
A god is this that ye would bind: and he
Will brook no galley's hold: lo! he may be
Jove's self, or Phoebus of the silver bow,
Or strong Poseidon—for of none below
Is his the mien, but of the gods in heaven.
Wherefore I counsel—let him back be given
To the firm land. No touch lay ye profane,
Lest haply in his wrath he vex the main
With mighty winds, and darken all the sky."
He said, and roughly made their chief reply:

"Oh! fool thyself, see'st not the wind is fair?
Hoist sail and ply thy tackle; ours the care
To guard this precious lad, whom I, before
Long time is past, hope safe to bring ashore
In Aegypt or in Cyprus, or may be
In some far Northern spot; when doubtless he
At last will somewhat tell us of his kin
And home and brethren and the wealth wherein
He much aboundeth. Sure am I this day
The gods have given him for a bounteous prey."

He said: and straight himself the sail set full.
And, as it bellied to the wind, bade pull
The sheets all taut. When lo! a miracle!—
From out the black ship's side there seemed to well
A flood of wine. Abroad the perfume went
And smote all hearts with strange bewilderment.
From sheet to yard about the broad sail clung
A spreading vine with purple clusters hung.
Dark mantling ivy with its flowrets wan
And bright black berries up the tall mast ran.
The rowlocks all with flowers were garlanded.
Sudden these portents grew. All pale with dread,
The trembling sailors on the helmsman cried,
And bade him steer to land. Then they espied
In the youth's stead a lion on the prow,
Which loudly roared, and in the waist below
A rampant grizzly bear. In frantic fear,
Struggling pell-mell, they thronged the helmsman
near;

When sudden on their chief the lion flew
And struck him down; whereat the maddened crew
Leaped headlong over in the tumbling tide,
Doomed thenceforth there in dolphin shapes to bide.

And now in his own form, a god confessed,
Blandly the youth that helmsman good addressed:
"Fear not, thou helmsman good; I love thee
well."

I Dionysos am, this thee I tell,
Whom Theban Semele to Jove did bear;
A mighty voice is mine heard far and near."
All hail! O soft-eyed Semele's son, may he
No sweet song sing that gives not praise to thee.

G. A. H.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for December contains a very valuable essay by Mr. Conybeare, in continuation of his previous study on the "Last Twelve Verses of Mark's Gospel." He gives much fresh information, and incidentally considers the reason for the absence of the episode of the adulteress (John viii. 1-12) from most old MSS. of the Armenian Version, and for the very singular form in which the pericope is given in the Edschmiadzin MS. of A.D. 989. This reason is that the old Armenians knew that the story was not properly part of the Gospel of John; the shorter text of the Edschmiadzin MS. was probably the form in which Papias and the Gospel according to the Hebrews gave the episode. Prof. W. H. Bennett, in graceful and sympathetic language, shows young students how wide is the scope and how deep the significance of Old Testament archaeology, though we are surprised to find it stated that at the present time there is a "free fight" between archaeologists and critics. It should be enough to consult the books and *Zeitschriften* of recent years to see how close an alliance has been springing up between critics and archaeologists, resulting in a more critical archaeology and a more archaeological criticism than was formerly possible. Such a slip in an otherwise excellent popular address is to be regretted. Dr. David Brown has an exegetical note on Hebrews xii. 2, and Mr. W. E. Barnes a critical note on the position of Aphek. Dr. Eager explains the Parable of the Unjust Steward, and Dean Chadwick treats the high theme of self-disclosures of Jesus (i.e., as a Divine Person) in the Gospels.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

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DELOERME, Amédée. Lettres d'un Zouave de Constantinople à Sébastopol (1854-5). Paris: Berger-Levrault. 3 fr. 50.
FORSCHUNGEN zur Kunstgeschichte Böhmens. I. Prag: Calve. 60 M.
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KOLLMACH, K. Wanderungen durch die deutschen Gebirge: Die deutschen Alpen. Köln: Neubner. 9 M.
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RIEMANN, H. Prälimin u. Studien. Gesammelte Aufsätze zur Ästhetik, Theorie u. Geschichte der Musik. 1. Bd. Frankfurt-a.-M. 5 M.
SPULER, Eug. Hommes et choses de la Révolution. Paris: Alcan. 3 fr. 60.
TISSOT, E. Le Livre des Reines. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50.
VOLKMAN, H. v. Afrika. Studien u. Einfälle e. Malers. Leipzig: Breitkopf. 10 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- CORPUS scriptorum ecclesiasticorum latinorum. Vol. XXVIII. Sancti Aurelii Augustini questionum in Heptateuchum libri vii. Rec. J. Zycha. Leipzig: Freytag. 17 M. 60.
DILMANN, A. Handbuch der alttestamentlichen Theologie. Aus dem Nachlass des Verf. hrsg. v. R. Kittel. Leipzig: Hirzel. 11 M.
GREGORIUS Abulfarag Bar-Hebraeus, Scholien zum Evangelium Lukae. Hrsg. v. N. Steinhart. Berlin: Calvary. 2 M.
GRÜTZMACH, Pachomius u. das älteste Klosterleben. Freiburg-i.-B.: Mohr. 2 M. 80.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

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- LEMAITRE, A. H. Notes sur la Guerre de l'Indépendance grecque. Paris: Martin. 3 fr. 50.
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- PICK, R. Aus Aachens Vergangenheit. Aachen: Creutzer. 15 M.
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- ALBERTUEMER v. Pergamon. Bd. VIII., 2. Berlin: Spemann. 68 M.
- HÜSCHMANN, H. Armenische Grammatik. 1. Th. Armenische Etymologie. 1. Abth. Die pers. u. arab. Lehnwörter im Altarmenischen. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. 6 M.
- LEPMANN, S. Franz Bopp, sein Leben u. seine Wissenschaft. 2. Hälfte. Berlin: Reimer. 4 M.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DATE OF GILDAS'S "DE EXCIDIO BRITTONUM."

London: Nov. 20, 1895.

There are three considerations, in addition to the nature of Mr. Anscombe's reply, that make me unwilling to trespass further upon these columns concerning this subject. The first is, that his views of historical evidence and his method of interpretation of sources differ so fundamentally from mine that there can be no hope of our agreeing: the fact that I am supported in my interpretations by every authority of any importance from Bæda to Mommsen indisposes me to believe that the error is on my side. The second is the amount of space required to answer Mr. Anscombe, for I have to insist upon the plain meaning of passages of no difficulty, and it is necessary to notice every argument, since he reproduces arguments that I considered required no answer. The third is, that the refutations of most of his arguments are so obvious that the statement of them in print seems otiose. Despite these considerations I am reluctantly compelled to reply, since Mr. Anscombe has accused me of misrepresentation and error (though he attempts to give no instance of the former), while he has himself fallen into many errors, has distorted (I hope unconsciously) some of my statements, and has omitted the vital part of a quotation in such a way that it tells in his favour.

I need not further notice the scorn poured by him upon the use of hypotheses, since his logical position in denouncing their use is sapped by the extensive use that he himself makes of them. For example, the recovery of Anglesey in consequence of the league of the Welsh and Mercian kings against Edwin of Northumbria, which plays an important part in Mr.

Anscombe's arguments, is quite as hypothetical as any of the surmises advanced by me. The hypothetical parts of my arguments are carefully distinguished, and I marked the dubious nature of the testimony of the *Historia Brittonum* and the Irish annals. The tentative arguments based upon these sources are included in Mr. Anscombe's denunciations of hypothesis. On his own side he does not earmark assumptions; and he advances as unquestioned facts statements from the St. Ruis' Life of Gildas, and, what is worse, from one of the most notorious elaborators of the fictions of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Mr. Anscombe devotes forty lines to "disabusing" me "of the belief" that Mommsen's conclusions "present us with the fruit of independent research." The passages quoted by Mr. Anscombe are alone sufficient to prove that I was aware of Mommsen's obligations to Zimmer. Knowing as I do from Mommsen's preface, and from a perusal of Zimmer's book (*Nennius Vindictus*), that Mommsen does not accept the results of this brilliant scholar without question, I am unable to subscribe to Mr. Anscombe's statements, which can only mean that Mommsen is a lay figure in Zimmer's hands. After thus sweeping aside the authority of Mommsen, Mr. Anscombe evades Zimmer's conclusions by "sheltering himself behind the authority of the Bollandists." The authority of these editors on early British or English history is, in the nature of things, exceedingly slight. Their critical knowledge may be estimated by the fact that, in the preface to the Life of Gildas, they quote without a twinge a certain notorious "Ranulph of Chester" and "Matthew of Westminster" (Lappenberg's *Verwirrer der Geschichte*) as authorities for events of the fifth and sixth centuries, and that King Arthur is with them a real historic figure. But the astonishing thing is that the Bollandists support Zimmer, and not Mr. Anscombe; for they assign the date of the composition of Gildas's work to 543, against Zimmer's 547; they suggest that the division of the work into two separate parts is erroneous; and they regard the whole as the composition of one man.

The date of the composition of Gildas is, as I have said, ascribed to 547 by Zimmer and Mommsen. The date 547 or 550 is given by such authorities as Hadden and Stubbs, while Petrie and Hardie assign it to about 560. All these authorities reject the theory that the work is really two separate tracts. Josselin practically agrees with them, and Prof. Rhys ascribes the composition of the whole to the early part of the sixth century. Mr. Anscombe revives the old theory that it is two separate works, which he calls *De Excidio* and *Epistola*, and maintains that they are the work of two men: the *Epistola* being written by Gildas in 499, the *De Excidio* by an anonymous monk of Gwynedd (*sic*) about 655. On stylistic grounds alone we may say, in the words of the Bollandists: *Qui vult, id credat*.

To meet my statement that the "form of the tract is a strong presumption in favour of its authenticity," Mr. Anscombe, after inquiring what I mean by this, remarks that "the division of the *De Excidio* into chapters with capitulations and the omission of such a division in the *Epistola* certainly have to do with form," and then asks how I show "that this difference of form is a strong presumption in favour of unity of authorship and production." A reference to my context will show that I did not use "form" in the sense Mr. Anscombe gives to it. Any reader who has access only to Mommsen's text will be puzzled by Mr. Anscombe's argument; for there is no capitulation, and the whole work (that is both Mr. Anscombe's *De Excidio* and his *Epistola*) is divided into chapters. Only one MS. (X.) has

"capitulations"; and this is an abbreviated text, omitting the prologue and all subsequent to c. 27 of Mommsen's text, as Mommsen says, *utpote a rerum gestarum memoria aliena*. (*Cf. Zimmer, Nennius Vindictus*, pp. 101, 102.) I have failed to detect either "capitulations" or divisions into chapters in the best MS. (Cott. A. VI.); and I am inclined to think that Mr. Anscombe's argument, which, in any case, is of little or no weight, is based upon a division due to the editors. Mr. Anscombe then asks me how I can suppose that this imaginary "monk of Gwynedd" could call such a work an "admonitory trifle" (*admonitiuncula*). I answer that it is just the word that Gildas would use, were it only for its length and sonority. No doubt, he used it chiefly out of affected rhetorical humility, just as he states that he writes his work *vili stilo*—an assertion which is truer than he thought.

Mr. Anscombe next argues that:

"The work of the monk of Gwynedd is placed in the MSS. before that of St. Gildas, and yet in cap. 2 (*ed. Mommsen*, p. 26. ll. 23-26) we find a reference to the *Epistola* (p. 63, ll. 23, 24). How this is to be reconciled with the assumption that the *Epistola* was written after the *History*, Mr. Stevenson sheweth not."

That is, I am unable to reconcile the fact that Gildas, in a homogeneous book, refers at p. 63 to a passage at p. 26, with the assumption that the latter part of the work was written after the first part. It seems hardly necessary to say that I do not see the slightest difficulty in this. The parallel passages appealed to by Mr. Anscombe consist in the mention of Judas, St. Stephen, and the heretic Nicholas in entirely different connexions. The only real agreement is the use of the words *immundae haereseos*. There is nothing in this to make it necessary to conclude that the work was written by two men.

Mr. Anscombe next gives a list of self-contradictions of which he thinks I have been guilty. They are (1) that it is contradictory to say that Bæda, the writer of a *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum*, is "the pre-eminent authority for our early history," and then to describe as untrustworthy his account of the alleged martyrdom of St. Alban, which occurred 150 years before the date assigned by him for the coming of the English; (2) that it is inconsistent to deprecate confident statements that certain things did not happen in times of which there is no record, and then to say that Bæda "knew nothing of the conquest from English sources," this being described as "an argument whose only foundation is the silence of Bæda"; (3) that I am inconsistent in rejecting Geoffrey of Monmouth as a sufficient authority for identifying Gildas's *Urbs Legionum* with Caerleon-on-Usk, and then saying that the "metropolitan see of Wales" was transferred from *Urbs Legionum* to St. David's, forgetting that the metropolitan see is a myth handed down by Geoffrey; (4) that my contention that "it is impossible to fix the high-water mark of the tide of English conquest in any district at any period of the sixth century," is in contradiction

* This is not strictly true, since Bæda is not silent about the conquest, but adopts, as is well known, the Celtic accounts thereof.

† Here there is an apparent contradiction. My authority, however, was not Geoffrey of Monmouth but Giraldus Cambrensis, to whom one naturally turns regarding the question of the metropolitan jurisdiction of St. David's. This opens the thorny question of the authenticity of the deeds cited by Giraldus. As I wrote from memory of Giraldus's case, I have considered it as being freer from doubt than it is. As the striking out of the word "metropolitan" would not affect my argument, it would have been better to have omitted it.

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to my suggestion that "Hertfordshire may have been overrun by the English before 547." Mr. Anscombe then remarks that "it is quite dear from all this that Mr. Stevenson has an uneasy feeling that the ground upon which he is erecting his 'cloud-capt towers' is a sort of bog, upon which it is necessary to keep on the move in order to avoid being swallowed up." It is curious that Mr. Anscombe's sense of consistency, which sees non-existent contradictions, did not lead him to detect the patent inconsistency of these metaphors.

I quite agree with Mr. Anscombe that, if we had detailed accounts of the English conquest, it would be unnecessary to discuss his confident assertion, that it was not possible for any writer to state until 607 that the English had reached the western coast; for I think, as I have argued, that we should find Mr. Anscombe's assertion was baseless. As it is, we have the assertion of Gildas, whose authority no one but Mr. Anscombe has questioned, that the English were on the west coast long before 607. The above is the only answer Mr. Anscombe can make to my contention, which affects the very basis and foundation of his theories, unless the following passage, the meaning and bearing of which escape me, is intended for an argument:

"Mr. Stevenson then sets out to prove in substance and at length that Bæda's *History of the People of the Angles* is an ecclesiastical history, and that until the Angles had an Ecclesia, Bæda did not write about it, while when they had an Ecclesia, Bæda was so eccentric as to confine himself to his subject."

As I am unable to understand what all this means, I can only say that the title of Bæda's work is *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum*, and that, as I stated, Bæda, although he restricts his inquiries to the times subsequent to the conversion of the Angles, mentions events before them. To hold that Bæda's work is exclusively an ecclesiastical history would strengthen my case.

I did not, as Mr. Anscombe asserts, "attempt to excite a suspicion that the Angles may have reached the Clyde before 547," in order to show that his belief, "that the first appearance of a Northumbrian king upon the borders of the Cambrian Britons must be assigned to 607, is unfounded." I made this "insidious attempt" in order to disprove an entirely different thing to this belief of Mr. Anscombe's—namely, his confident assertion that it was impossible for any writer prior to 607 to state that the Germanic invaders had extended from the east to the west coasts of Britain. In spite of the excessive care with which I labelled the hypotheses, I do not escape Mr. Anscombe's denunciations, and he expresses regret that I "should have sprung [my] untidy theories upon us before [I] felt certain of their tenability." Now the most important part of my argument is, that the English were driven out of Manaw within from four to eleven years after Gildas's death. This, which I advanced as little more than an hypothesis, is based upon a record that has been accepted as trustworthy by Mr. Skene and Prof. Rhys. Their great authority would have justified me in advancing this as an undoubted fact. I could then have claimed without qualification that the English were at this date within eighteen miles of the estuary of the Clyde. Instead of assuming that Gildas would have referred to the Firth of Clyde as a sea, I ought to have stated that he does describe the two firths as seas.* There-

* Cap. 15 (p. 33, 22): "quos insuit [legio] construere inter duo maria trans insulam murum . . . qui, vulgo irrationabili absque rectore, factus non tam lapidibus, quam capsitibus, non profuit." So also Spartian, Aurelius Victor, and Eutropius speak of the wall between the Forth and the Clyde as reaching from sea to sea or to the ocean (see Skene, *Celtic Scotland*, i. 89, note 27).

fore, if the English reached the Firth, Gildas could have said that they had reached the western ocean. To prove that the English had reached the western coast anywhere in Britannia before 607 would sweep away the basis of Mr. Anscombe's arguments against the authenticity of Gildas. I have shown that there is a possibility that they had done so about Carlisle, and that there is a strong probability that they had reached the Firth of Clyde. Considering the exceedingly imperfect nature of the records of this period, I do not see how it can be asserted as confidently as Mr. Anscombe declares, that it was impossible for any writer before 607 to state that the Germanic invaders had reached the west coast of Britain.

I note that Mr. Anscombe withdraws his assertion that the places of martyrdom of Alban and Julius "are unquestionably at St. Albans and Caerleon respectively." But I do not think he improves his argument by resting the identification upon "the traditions of from about eight hundred to more than one thousand years"—that is, from six hundred to a thousand years after the date of the martyrdom. He then asks for something more convincing than my assertion that Bæda is an "untrustworthy" authority for an event that happened, if it happened at all, four centuries before he wrote. It is sufficient to refer to Haddan and Stubbs (*Councils*, i., p. 6, note a) who throw considerable doubt upon the existence and martyrdom of St. Alban. They remark that

"Gildas's general statement respecting this persecution [c. 8] rests (as usual with him) upon an unauthorised transference to the particular case of Britain, of language of Eusebius (*H. E.* VIII. ii.) relating to the persecution in general; and is conclusively contradicted by Eusebius himself, and by Sozomen and Lactantius."

Mr. Anscombe remarks that if I

"had been seeking truth instead of hunting for probabilities, [I] might have found what invasion it really was which brought about the temporary ruin of the district of Gwent. It occurred in 910, and the invaders were Danes."

For this he gives no authority. Gwent was frequently ravaged, and the ravaging by the Danes, who were not noteworthy as destroyers of cities, is not the same thing as the destruction of Caerleon, which is what Mr. Anscombe has to prove.

Mr. Anscombe declares that I am guilty of "slovenly reasoning" in saying that it is impossible to establish the identity of the *Urbs Legionum* mentioned by Gildas, since there were certainly two cities of this name, both bearing different names in Roman times, and there were possibly more. The fact, admitted by Mr. Anscombe, that there were two cities of this name is alone sufficient to dispose of his confident assertion that Gildas's *Urbs Legionum* was "unquestionably" Caerleon-on-Usk. This is his description of my argument:

"Mr. Stevenson wishes to multiply causes; he takes an assumption, he gives no authority for it, he omits to make any attempt to verify its truth; he says if it is true it is evidence, and then he glides into an exact statement heralded by 'For these reasons.'"

With regard to the derivation of the name of Lion Castle from *legio*, I may state that it is favoured by several distinguished Welsh scholars. I gave it in such a hypothetical manner because the want of early Welsh records deprives us of the means of verifying it.

My remark that "Gildas, it is fair to presume, would have described the two firths (of the Clyde and of the Forth) as seas, since he calls the Picts dwelling north of the line between the two *transmarini*," causes Mr. Anscombe to write as follows:

"I would remind Mr. Stevenson that his appearance in these columns is due, primarily, to a desire to submit certain conclusions arrived at

herein to critical analysis, and not to indulge in declarations to the effect that it is fair to presume that the writer whom he criticises is wrong."

My presumption was really, it will be seen, that Gildas would describe the firths as seas. I now wish to withdraw the presumption and to substitute for it the statement that Gildas does speak of the two firths as seas (c. 15, ed. Mommsen, p. 33, l. 21). I have quoted this passage above. Although Bæda, in adopting Gildas's passage wherein he calls the Picts and Scots *transmarini*, expressly mentions the two races and explains that *transmarini* means dwelling north of the two firths, Mr. Anscombe maintains that the passage proves merely that Bæda "was thinking of the Scots of Dalriada in their recently acquired seats." Mr. Anscombe then argues that Gildas, when he mentions that the *transmarini* peoples of the Scots and the Picts attacked Britain from the north and north-west, "did not need a map in order to make these observations" of their geographical position. As the invasions in question occurred long before his birth, it is evident that he could have had no accurate personal knowledge of the direction from whence the attacks came. Therefore, his geographical information probably came from his own reading; and I have shown that his geography is that of Orosius, by whom it is derived from Ptolemy. The distorting influence of the great Alexandrian's maps affected much later writers than Gildas. The point is not of much importance, Gildas's testimony as to these early events being not above question, and it is quite possible that he has mixed up earlier and later piratical attacks. Mr. Anscombe next repeats an argument from his first letter that I ignored as futile. He says that I do not say "upon what point of the coast of Western Britain" I believe "they [the Picts and Scots] actually did converge—a *circio et ab aquilone*." Naturally, because there is no necessity for the conclusion that the lines of their attacks always converged upon any given point, or, indeed, that they converged at all.

To my statement that it is fanciful and unnecessary to assume, as Mr. Anscombe does, that Gildas "meant the sea to the west of Wales, when he refers explicitly to the ocean to the west of Britain," Mr. Anscombe retorts with the question: "Is not the sea to the west of Wales also the ocean to the west of Britain?" It is, of course, only a part of that ocean, and Mr. Anscombe asserted that Gildas "would have reserved the term *occidentalis*" to describe this part only. Mr. Anscombe next states:

"that in saying that 'it is an inadmissible assumption that the portion of Britain in which the writer of the *Excidium* dwelt was known as Britannia,' Mr. Stevenson is again jumping at conclusions, in order to save himself the trouble of acquisition."

My assertion was considerably different from what Mr. Anscombe puts into my mouth. What I said was, that it was an "inadmissible assumption that Britannia means, in the passage quoted, not the whole of Britain, as it does throughout the work, but the portion of it in which the writer dwelt." To prove that I am wrong, Mr. Anscombe states that "Reges habet Britannia" (Gildas, c. 27) "refers only to those parts which are comprised wholly or in part in modern Wales; even Corneu, over which Arthur's cousin Constantine ruled, was in what we now called Herefordshire." This depends upon the assumption that in this passage Britannia means only those parts of it whose princes are mentioned by name, and that all of them lived in Wales. Now the first name is that of Constantinus, *inmundae leenae Damnoniae tyrannicus catulus*. Mommsen, Zimmer, Rhys, and innumerable other scholars regard this as referring to a prince of Cornwall

and Devon. Mr. Anscombe asserts that Constantine was Arthur's cousin, and that he ruled over "Corneu," which "was in what we now call Herefordshire." If he can prove this, Mr. Anscombe has indeed made a big find; for he will have proved the existence of King Arthur, that he was cousin to Gildas's Constantinus, and that there was a second Cornwall (Corneu) in Herefordshire. There is nothing of all this in Gildas, and I am afraid that Mr. Anscombe's assertions rest upon no better foundation than the passage from Ranulph Higden quoted by the Bollandists (*ASS.* Janu. ii., 952b). But they, despite their lack of critical knowledge of early British history, identify Damnonia with Cornwall and Devon. As this identification is undoubtedly correct, Mr. Anscombe's statement that "*Britannia habet reges*" refers only to those districts which are comprised wholly or partly in modern Wales is unfounded. I maintain that *Britannia* means in Gildas in every case the whole and not part of the province of Britannia. This position is entirely unaffected by the use of the terms *Saxonia*, *Cornubia*, and *Britannia* by much later writers, since the question is as to Gildas's usage, not theirs.

As I do not believe in the existence of the "monk of Gwynedd," it is quite immaterial to my argument whether or not Edwin conquered Man from the Britons of Gwynedd. To my statement, that it is difficult to believe that so zealous a Christian as Gildas could refer to the alliance with the heathen Penda as a "miraculum," Mr. Anscombe appends the query "How else could our author say that the effect of the alliance was a 'wonderful thing'?" Surely his vocabulary was ample enough for this. Mr. Anscombe forgets that the recapture of Anglesey through this alliance is an assumption. He next asserts that "we have another instance of Mr. Stevenson's many conclusions arrived at *per saltum*," when I "so curiously suppose" that the following passage refers to a victory attained by Ambrosius Aurelianus:

"*reliquiae, quibus confugiunt undique de diversis locis miserissimi cives, tam avido quam apes alvearii procelia imminente, simul deprecantes eum toto cordis et, ut dicitur innumeris onerantes aethera votis, ne ad internicionem usque deleverent, duce Ambrosio Aureliano [viro modesto, qui solus forte Romanae gentis tantae tempestatis collisione, occisis in eadem parentibus, purpura nimirum indutus superfuert, cuius nunc temporibus nostris soboles magnopere avita bonitate degeneravit, vires capessunt, victores provocantes ad proelium]: quis victoria, domino annuente, cessit.*" (c. 25, p. 40).

I am obliged to quote this cumbersome passage, as Mr. Anscombe has omitted all the parts that I have italicised, which include the subject of the sentence. I think I may venture to say that every writer from Bæda to Mommsen (p. 9) has given to this passage the same meaning as I have done. Mr. Anscombe states that I have "in neglecting the passages" given above within brackets, "overlooked the chief fact presented in the context appealed to: namely, that Gildas 'is made to say, not that the victory fell to Emrys Gwledig [Ambrosius Aurelianus], as Mr. Stevenson so curiously supposes, but to his offspring (soboles).'" Even if we could assume with Mr. Anscombe that the interjectional remark about Aurelius's degenerate soboles, which has a singular predicate *degeneravit*, was the subject of the plurals *capessunt* and *provocantes*, and the antecedent of *quis*, the passage would then mean that Aurelius's degenerate offspring, who were living in Gildas's time, gained a victory under his leadership! The subject is, of course, *reliquiae*, that is, the remainder of the population.

When I was writing my former letter, it occurred to me that someone might possibly

take the passage "the unexpected victory" (*insperati auxilii*) of Ambrosius Aurelianus ("*quis victoria, domino annuente, cessit*") to mean that the words preceding these in parentheses were intended for translations. But, in my anxiety to avoid quoting the terribly long sentence that I now have to give after all, I risked this, thinking it highly unlikely that any one would waste time in bringing a charge whose absurdity is so self-evident. Had I not felt so sure of this, I might have saved Mr. Anscombe from bringing this charge by the simple device of marking the quantity of *quis*, or of referring him to the instances of this archaic form in the Celtic Latin of this period given by Zimmer (*Nennius Vindictus*, p. 315).

To controvert my argument that *insula*, which, as he admits, refers in the seven cases cited by me to the island of Britain, could not therefore refer to the isle of Anglesey at c. 20 (p. 40, l. 22), Mr. Anscombe appeals to the passages in c. 21 (p. 33, ll. 17, 20). In his words, "we are told that the Hiberni returned home while 'Picti in extrema parte insulae tunc primum et deinceps requieverunt, praedas et contritiones nonnunquam facientes.'" He then argues that, "if the Picts had dwelt for many years *muro tenui* in North Britain, the island in which their first settlement came to be made afterwards cannot be Britain." He, therefore, maintains that the *insula* of line 17 must be Anglesey. The writer was unusually precise if he said that the Picts settled in the extreme part of such a small island as Anglesey, which island, one would think, must have been too small to hold them. Moreover, if the *insula* of l. 17 is Anglesey, then that must also be the *insula* of l. 20. In that case the sins denounced in the following lines must refer to Anglesey, not to Britain. But the mention of *Britannia* ten lines further on is inconsistent with this view. The passage at l. 17 does not mean, as Mr. Anscombe says, that the Picts then first settled in the island; but that, after their ravages in c. 19 and their defeat in c. 20, they rested in the island in comparative peace and quiet. After the passage from l. 20 quoted above, follow the words "in talibus itaque indutis desolato populo saeva cicatrix obducitur." Therefore, the *insula* of ll. 17 and 20 are to be added to my list of the instances of this word that relate solely to Britain.

Mr. Anscombe states in conclusion that my "supposition that the Brythons of the sixth century could have believed that they had lost the isle of Britain, is a grotesque supposition. Until James I. and VI. crossed the borders it was not possible for anyone to lose the island."

The MSS. are pretty consistent in connecting *Excidium* with the title of the book, and they are all older than the time of James I. How the latter's accession to the throne of England caused him or anyone else to lose the island of Britain, Mr. Anscombe does not explain. It would be truer to say that he gained the island. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to add that I have not yet "come within the influence of the force of cumulative evidence" in Mr. Anscombe's letters.

W. H. STEVENSON.

AN ALLEGED VISIT OF BRUNETTO LATINO TO OXFORD.

Dorney Wood, Bucks: Nov. 20, 1895.

In his book on *Henry the Navigator*, Mr. Beazley quotes an account of a visit supposed to have been paid by Brunetto Latino to Roger Bacon at Oxford, on which occasion Brunetto is said to have made acquaintance for the first time with the mariner's compass, which he afterwards described in his *Trésor* (I. cxx.).

The sole authority for this visit appears to be an alleged letter from Brunetto to Guido Cavalcanti, written from England before the

completion of the *Trésor* (i.e., before 1266). Thor Sundby, in his book on the Life and Works of Brunetto Latino, states (in a note to which my attention was drawn by Dr. Garnett) that this letter was quoted by D'Avezac in the *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie* (vol. xv., Paris, 1858), and reproduced a few years later by Thomas Wright in the preface to his edition of the *De Naturis Rerum* (London, 1863). D'Avezac derived his knowledge of it from the *Lettre sur l'invention de la boussole* (Paris, 1834) of J. Klaproth, who in his turn was indebted to an article in the *Monthly Magazine* (otherwise known as the *British Register*) of June, 1802. At this point, so far as I can gather, our information ends, it being not even known who was the author of the article (entitled "Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters") in the *Monthly Magazine* in which the mention of Brunetto's alleged letter occurs. According to Thor Sundby, D'Avezac, who evidently at one time believed in the genuineness of the letter, subsequently expressed his belief that it was apocryphal. Dr. Garnett informs me that he can find no mention of the circumstance of Brunetto's visit in the very full work on Roger Bacon by M. Émile Charles. It would be interesting to know what became of this pretended letter, and whether it is still in existence.

Dr. Moore, who first pointed out to me the passage in Mr. Beazley's book, suggests that this supposed visit of Brunetto Latino to Oxford may possibly have some bearing on the vexed question of Dante's legendary visit to England and Oxford. It is to be hoped that sooner or later we may hear news of the letter itself.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

THE CASSITERIDES.

Fen Ditton, Cambridge: Nov. 26, 1895.

Mr. Torr says "Mr. Ridgeway has admitted now that Herodotus iii. 115 does question the existence of those islands." I never denied it. Mr. Torr has confused my position with that of M. Reinach. I never referred to the language of Herodotus. My words were: "I do not think he [Mr. Torr] is right in denying the existence of such islands merely because Herodotus knew nothing certain about them." If Herodotus had declared emphatically in several passages that the Cassiterides did not exist, it would make no difference to my argument. The point at issue between Mr. Torr and myself is: which (Herodotus or Strabo) is the best authority for the purpose of determining the existence of islands called Cassiterides in the Atlantic. Mr. Torr assails the credibility of Strabo because Herodotus denied the existence of such islands. Herodotus, living at Thurii in the fifth century, could know nothing certain about the islands, which the merchants of Gades concealed from the Romans so carefully that the latter only first gained access to them in Caesar's time. Mr. Torr might as well quote the words of some medieval historian who doubted the existence of any continent in the west, to prove that a sixteenth-century geographer, writing with a knowledge of the discovery of America, was wrong in saying there were certain islands off the coast of Mexico.

Mr. Torr supports his attack on Strabo's gross inaccuracy in confounding the Cassiterides with the tin mines on the mainland of Spain ("No doubt Strabo took the Cassiterides for islands; but here, I think, he must have been misled by an ambiguous use of 'N' in the Phoenician language") by clutching desperately to Strabo's accuracy. He says that, because Strabo put the islands "to the north of the *Ἀπρδσπον Ἀκτῆν*," they cannot be the islands near Vigo.

Mr. Torr is like the countryman who going to cut off the branch of a tree sat on it when

he sawed it off by the trunk. He avers in one breath that Strabo, who knew perfectly well of the tin mines on the mainland as well as on the islands, was so grossly inaccurate as to mistake the islands for the mainland; and in the next breath he maintains that Strabo cannot be wrong in fixing the position of these same islands with respect to the mainland.

Now for the statement that Strabo made the blunder of considering the Cassiterides to be islands because he did not know Phœnician accurately.

Unfortunately, Mr. Torr has overlooked a well-known passage in Strabo (iii. 147), from which we know that his information on the question was derived from the famous Stoic, Posidonius, who travelled in Western Europe about 90 B.C.

"Posidonius says [in reference to Spain] that the tin is not found on the surface, as many authors have alleged, but is dug up, and that it is produced among the barbarians above Lusitania, and also in islands called Cassiterides."

Posidonius, then, the traveller who visited Spain, is the authority for calling the Cassiterides islands; and Mr. Torr's bright idea that Strabo dabbled in Phœnician vanishes.

Again, Mr. Torr wishing to show that Pliny knew nothing of such a trade, and that it had never existed, quotes Pliny (*N. H.* xxxiv. 347):

"*Pretiosissimum [plumbum] candidum, a Graecis appellatum cassiteron, fabuloseque narratum in insulas Atlantici maris peti, vitilibusque navigiis circumsutis corio advehi.*" &c.

If Mr. Torr had been aware of another very famous passage in Pliny, he would have known this does not refer to the tin trade with the Cassiterides, but that with Britain, in which he is a believer, according to his first letter.

Pliny (iv. 16) says:

"*Timaëus historicus a Britannis introrsus sex dierum navigatione abesse dicit insulam Ictim [MS. Mictium], in qua candidum plumbum veniat, ad eam Britannos vitilibus navigiis corio circumsutis navigare.*"

There can be no doubt that this refers to the British trade, and the words "*vitilibus navigiis corio circumsutis*" link this passage to the one quoted by Mr. Torr. If there is, then, any force in Mr. Torr's argument, it cuts against the existence of the British tin trade, in which he is a believer.

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

MORE'S "UTOPIA."

St. Paul's School: Dec. 10, 1895.

While acknowledging the justice of much of Dr. Murray's criticism in the *ACADEMY* of last week, I venture to demur to it in one particular. In interpreting Robynson's words, "*a benche coueryd wyth grene torues*," as a translation of More's "*scamno cespitibus herbeis constrato*," he agrees with my reviewer, who says that "in agricultural Latin *scamnum* is used for a bank of earth, and so Burnet translates it." Burnet's expression is: "*We . . . sat down on a green bank.*"

Now, admitting that *scamnum* is used for a bank, or rather bank, of earth, would so good a Latinist as More have used *cespitibus*, in the plural, for native greensward, or *constrato* for a natural covering of turf? It is evidently in this sense that Burnet takes it, and of this apparently Dr. Murray and my reviewer approve. I venture to think the usage of the two Latin words to be conclusive against this meaning. A passage in Caesar's *De Bello Civili* (iii. 96) is a good illustration. Pompey's camp is there described as having, in sign of luxury, "*recentibus cespitibus tabernacula constrata*." This may afford a clue to the right interpretation here. The bank on which the friends sat in the artificial Dutch garden had been *turfed*,

as we should say. The woodcut in the 1518 edition is evidence, at least, that the artist did not think a natural grassy bank could be meant by the terms of More's description.

Before leaving the subject, may I be allowed to thank Mr. James Gairdner for his ingenious and convincing solution of the difficulty occasioned by Robynson's use of *xxiiiij.* for More's *octoginta*? My own carelessness there was inexcusable.

J. H. LUPTON.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S LETTERS.

Oxford: Dec. 9, 1895.

On p. 62, vol. i., of the recently published collection of Matthew Arnold's Letters, there is one to Mrs. Forster headed "*Martigny, August 6, 1858.*" In it he writes:

"It is nearly a fortnight since Walrond and I started, and in ten days I hope to be at home again. . . . We have hitherto done just what we intended: Geneva, Bex and the Diablerets, Zermatt, and the Grand St. Bernard. The fates are against us to-day for the first time, for at this moment we ought to be on the Col de Balme, and we are here kept to the house by good heavy Westmoreland rain."

This letter is followed by three to his wife from Vevey, August 28, Zermatt, September 1, and Hôtel du Grand St. Bernard (presumably at Martigny), September 4, describing the same tour in Switzerland with Walrond. In the last he writes: "*I will go on [with my narrative] from Chamouni, where we are going over the Col de Balme to-morrow.*"

It is evident that the letter dated August 6 should follow this last letter and be dated September 5.

On p. 66, describing the journey from Paris to Geneva of August 26, he writes: "*We had for companions a shabby old Englishman with a peevish wife, and a Genevese and his wife, very pleasant people, with whom we talked a great deal.*" Lower down we read, "*We dropped one Genevese friend at Bourg. . . . and went on alone with our two English.*" Read "*our Genevese friends.*"

On p. 71, l. 8, "*Viss*" should, of course, be "*Visp*." The transcriber probably mistook *p* for the old-fashioned long *s*.

C. S. ADAMSON.

"MY OWN FAIRY BOOK."

St. Andrews: Dec. 8, 1895.

As your reviewer says, I ought to have mentioned in the preface to *My Own Fairy Book* that the three tales which it contains had appeared separately before. I did not omit this fact with intent to deceive, but merely because I thought (as an unpopular author has no right to think) that what was so familiar to me would be familiar to the amateur of fairies. I shall do my best to repair the omission, which I observed, as usual, too late—when the book was published.

A. LANG.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Dec. 15, 4 p.m. Sunday Lecture: "*Was Shakespeare an Agnostic?*" by Mr. J. Churton Collins.
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "*Ansis and its Saint.*" by the Rev. F. H. Wicksteed.
MONDAY, Dec. 16, 5 p.m. London Institution: "*Early Norman Churches.*" by Mr. Arnold Mitchell.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "*Mechanical Road Carriages.*" III., by Mr. W. Worby Beaumont.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "*Anselm's Ontological Proof of the Existence of God.*" by Mr. Clement C. J. Webb.
8 p.m. Royal Institute of British Architects: "*Graeco-Phœnician Architecture in Cyprus.*" by Dr. Max Ohnefalsch-Richter.
TUESDAY, Dec. 17, 4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: "*Jamaica in the Past and Present.*" by Mr. Frank Cundall.
6 p.m. Statistical: "*A National System of Notification and Registration of Sickness.*" by Dr. Arthur Newsholme.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "*The Design and Testing of Centrifugal Fans.*" by Messrs. H. Heenan and W. Gilbert.

8 p.m. Toynbee Library Readers' Union: "*Thackeray.*" by Mr. W. J. Cape.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "*The Classification of the Moths of the Sub-families Schoenobiinae and Crambinae of the Family Pyralidae.*" by Mr. G. F. Hampson; "*Ctenolepis*, a still-existing Survivor of the *Epaneristidae* of Amechins, and the Representative of a New Family of Recent Marsupials," by Mr. Oldfield Thomas; "*The Sensory and Ampullary Canals of Chimaera.*" by Mr. Walter E. Collinge; "*The Fossil Crinoid *Urtiacrinus*.*" by Mr. F. A. Bather.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 18, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "*Machines for Composing Letter-press Printing Surfaces.*" by Mr. John Southward.

8 p.m. Geological: "*The Tertiary Basalt-Plateaux of North-Western Europe.*" by Sir Archibald Geikie; "*The British Silurian Species of *Acidaspis*.*" by Mr. Philip Lake.

8 p.m. Meteorological: "*Some of the Differences between Fogs, as related to the Weather Systems which accompany them.*" by Mr. Robert H. Scott; "*Analysis of Greenwich Barometrical Observations from 1870 to 1890, with special reference to the Declination of the Sun and Moon.*" by Major H. E. Rawson; "*Meteorological Observations taken at Mojanga, Madagascar.*" by Mr. Stratton C. Knott.

THURSDAY, Dec. 19, 5 p.m. Historical: "*Early Christian Travel before the Crusades.*" by Mr. C. Raymond Beazley.

6 p.m. London Institution: Travers Lecture, "*The Present Position of British Protectorates in East Africa.*" by Mr. Donald Mackenzie.

8 p.m. Linnean: "*A Revision of the Genus *Vanilla*.*" by Mr. R. A. Rolfe; "*The Cephalopoda collected during the Voyage of H.M.S. *Investigator*.*" by Mr. E. S. Goodrich.

8 p.m. Chemical: Discussion, "*The Constitution of Terpenes and Camphor.*" "*Derivatives of Dimethylaniline.*" by Miss Evans.

SCIENCE.

Mental Development in the Child and the Race. Methods and Processes. By James Mark Baldwin. (Macmillan.)

THERE are many points of view from which this book might be regarded. It deals with questions of philosophy, psychology, biology, education. Its main subject is the "possible synthesis of the current biological theory of organic adaptation with the infant's development." From whatever point of view we look at the book, it is a noteworthy production. The attention which is claimed for infant psychology is justified. As Prof. Baldwin has pointed out, the old "faculty" psychology has given way to functional psychology, and that means the recognition of development.

"Development is a process of involution as well as evolution, and the elements come to be hidden under the forms of complexity which they build up." Then Prof. Baldwin states the points of especial importance in the study of child psychology as bearing on adult psychology.

(1) The child's presentations or memories are direct: the adult apprehends through concentration of attention. The child is spontaneous: the adult reserved in expression of feeling, his feelings are complex, perhaps calculated and self-conscious.

(2) "The study of children is generally the only means of testing the truth of our mental analyses. If we decide that a certain complex product is due to a union of simpler mental elements, then we may appeal to the proper period of child-life to see the union taking place. The range of growth is so enormous from the infant to the adult, and the beginnings of the child's mental life are so low in the scale in the matter of instinctive and mental endowment, that there is hardly a question of analysis now under debate which may not be tested by this method."

(3) The physical organism of the infant is relatively simple, and in some cases serves as a court of appeal against theoretical

explanations of the order of development of certain powers of mind.

(4) The experimental method as to the senses, &c., is more available for children than for adults.

Prof. Baldwin can make very clever analyses of phenomena of child-life. For instance, his account of the growth of the idea of personality in the child is described by saying that other people are to the child (1) objects, (2) projects, (3) subjects, (4) ejects. By these terms he describes children as representing other people as (1) material objects, affecting favourably or otherwise the child's sensations. (2) These objects, regarded in due relation, and thought of as external, are "projects"—"personal projects." (3) His own actions, largely imitative, and due to his "projective environment," in which he is an object of interest, bring him to the stage of a "subject." (4) The recognition of others as subjects like himself makes them "ejects" or social fellows.

In this work of observation, from which is reached such a generalisation of stages as given in this instance, Prof. Baldwin shows great skill. To the teacher these sections are of special importance. It would be of great value if the observations on children, which Prof. Baldwin has indexed separately, were published in a separate small volume. The results which he has obtained are most interesting; but of even greater value to the teacher would be the insight into the methods of observation and interpretation which a trained observer shows in developing his positions.

An instance of Prof. Baldwin's method is his inquiry into the origin of right-handedness. After discussing one or two current theories, statistics of experiments are given of a child from the fifth to the ninth month of its age, from which it appears that in reaching for colours and other objects, at longer and shorter distances and in unsymmetrical directions, out of 2187 experiments, 577 times the infant reached out with the right hand, 568 times with the left, and 1,042 times with both hands. But by placing the object a further distance it was found that the right hand was very much more—almost entirely—preferred. So, too, the intensifying of the colour stimulus increased the right-handed preference. A distinct preference for the right hand in violent efforts in reaching became noticeable in the seventh and eighth months.

In accounting for the phenomena, Prof. Baldwin points out that there is little evidence that the lower animals are dextral in their functions. Here, concisely put, is his position:

"Admitting the known results as to the control of the two halves of the muscular system by the opposite brain hemispheres respectively; admitting, further, that the motor speech function is performed by the hemisphere which controls the stronger side of the body and is adjacent to the motor arm centre in that hemisphere; and admitting, finally, that the speech function is one in which the animals have little share—all these admissions lead us at once to the view that there is a fundamental connexion between the rise of speech and the rise of right-handedness.

In short, right-handedness is, like speech, a

form of expression. "It is a form of expressive differentiation of movement. It preceded speech, which is a further and more complex form of differentiation and adaptation." Prof. Baldwin, in an appendix, quotes from reports on the North American Indians to show that the right hand is predominant in their "sign language." He thence suggests that probably in prehistoric times the right hand was the "expressive" member.

Such are the contents of one of the chapters of this book. But Prof. Baldwin also suggestively attacks the problem of infants' movements in drawing and in handwriting. He deals exhaustively with suggestion and its great branch, imitation, inquires into the origins of memory and imagination, thought and emotion, and gives a careful analysis of the rise of volition in the child. He raises the problems of the beginnings of speech and of song. Finally, he submits his statement of the theory of habit and accommodation in the infant and in the race.

In all this task Prof. Baldwin accomplishes two ends. He summarises what has been previously written, and he goes on to add stimulating suggestions and inquiries of his own. The book is not properly a unity. It deals with what has not yet become a thoroughly organised science. It will itself prepare readers for further investigations and discoveries in the same direction. It cannot fail to stimulate experimental psychologists.

But why are there not more experimental psychologists? Why is the science looked upon as if it were occult? All teachers, and indeed all parents, have to be experimental child-psychologists. Why should they not be conscious instead of unconscious investigators; careful and continuous, instead of casual, observers? Why should they not know something of the scientific methods and processes, rather than trust to restricted, empirical knowledge? In other words, why should not teachers and parents *quid* teachers and parents be expected to know something about the nature of children's minds, the methods and processes of their working? If the intelligent teachers and parents knew what has been done in this research, they would soon be attracted by interest to watch and help far more effectively their own children's mental growth, and in thousands of cases to add observations of great value for the future progress of child psychology.

Many parents would welcome an authoritative circular from professional psychologists stating the points on which observations are wanted; but the filling up of such tables is not quite simple. Prof. Baldwin has written a short section on "How to observe Children's Imitations." This appeared in the *Century Magazine* for December, 1894. It is a pity this cannot be reprinted as a small pamphlet—an educational tract—and scattered broadcast. In it we find the following passage, and I know no better call to parents and teachers to the study of Prof. Baldwin's own book than to quote it:

"You parents can be of no use whatever to psychologists—to say nothing of the actual

damage you may be to the children—unless you know your babies through and through. Especially the fathers! They are willing to study everything else. They know every corner of the house familiarly, and what is done in it, except the nursery. A man labours for his children ten hours a day, gets his life insured for their support after his death; and yet he lets their mental growth, the formation of their characters, the evolution of their personality, go on by absorption—if no worse—from common, vulgar, imported, and changing, often immoral, attendants! Plato said the State should train the children, and added that the wisest man should rule the State. This is to say that the wisest man should tend his children! Hugo gives us in *Jean Valjean* and *Cosette* a picture of the true paternal relationship. We have a certain group of studies called the *humanities*, and it is right. But the best school in the humanities for every man is in his own house."

FOSTER WATSON.

THREE PERSIAN LAPIDARIES.

WITH the object of ascertaining the extent of mineralogical knowledge in Persia during the middle ages, I have lately been translating three Persian treatises on precious stones—viz., *Tansûk-nâmah*, by Nasir ed-dîn Tûsi; *Rasâlah i javâhir i sultânî*, by Muhammad B. Mansûr; and *Rasâlah dar ma'rifat i javâhir*, by Ibn al Mubâarak Muhammad al Kazvîni. After completing the translation of the *Tansûk-nâmah*, I commenced to translate the treatise of Muhammad B. Mansûr, who, as I had already found out, was not so early a writer as we had been led to believe; and seeing that the greater part of the work coincided almost word for word with the *Tansûk-nâmah*, I began to suspect that Muhammad B. Mansûr was not the original author which he describes himself to be in his preface; and, referring to the third treatise, that by Ibn al Mubâarak, I found conclusive evidence on this point.

I used for my translation of the *Tansûk-nâmah* two copies in my possession and the copy acquired by the British Museum in 1885 (Suppl. List Pers. MSS., No. 2864); for that of Muhammad B. Mansûr's treatise I had the use of four copies, three in my possession and one in the British Museum (Add. 23,565, Taylor Collection); of Ibn al Mubâarak's work I had only one copy, which I acquired in 1888.

Nasir ed-dîn Tûsi (Abû Ja'far Muhammad B. Hasan) was born at Tûs, February 17, 1201, wrote the *Tansûk-nâmah* between 1257 and 1265, and died June 25, 1274. He was chief astronomer to Hulâkû Khân (died February 8, 1265), founder of the great observatory at Marâgha, author of the *Akhâr i Nâsiri* (a treatise on ethics), the *Zij-i Ilkhânî* (astronomical tables), and other philosophical and astronomical works. In the *Tansûk-nâmah*, a treatise on precious stones, gems, metals, and various valuable vegetable substances, he frequently quotes Abu Raihân (Abû Raihân Muhammad B. Ahmad al Birûni, born 973, died 1048), and probably took most of his knowledge on mineralogy and precious stones from that writer.

In the *Descriptive Catalogue of the Library of Tipoo Sultan of Mysore*, by Ch. Stewart (Cambridge, 1809, p. 95), the date of Muhammad B. Mansûr's treatise is given as A.D. 1300. Hammer-Purgstall (*Mines de l'Orient*, vi., p. 126), Flügel (*Cat. Arab. Turk. Pers.*, Vienna, 1865, ii., p. 516), and Dr. Rieu (*British Museum Cat. Pers. MSS.*, p. 464) treatise that the work was written A.H. 700 (1300-1). They were no doubt misled by a clerical error in their copies, for one of the epithets given by the author to the king, for whose son he wrote, is, "The promised one of the previous century," where

the word "previous" is expressed by *sābīkah*; but the British Museum copy, and probably the others, have *sābī'ah*, the "seventh," instead of *sābīkah*, and the epithet was read as meaning "the promised one of the seventh hundred," hence A.H. 700. Dr. Rien seems to have some doubts as to this date, for he points out that the author speaks of Ghāzān Khān, the Moghul King of Persia, who died A.H. 703, as a king of the past, and that therefore the date must be later than 700; but it is curious that neither he nor the other learned Orientalists identified the prince for whom Muḥammad B. Mansūr wrote. Hammer here caused further confusion by mis-translating another of the epithets given by the author to the king—viz., "reviver of the glories of the reign of the Abbasside Caliphs," which he rendered "a member of the family of Abbas." The author states in his preface that he wrote the treatise by desire of Abū'l Fath Khalīl Bahādur Sultān, the son of Sultān Abū'n Nasr Hasan Bahādur Khān, and before beginning his description of precious stones cites these two princes, father and son, as the two most precious jewels then in existence. This Sultān Hasan Khān is the more familiar Hasan Beg or Uzun (the long) Hasan, of the Ak-Koinlū (White-sheep) or Bāyenderi Dynasty, who reigned over a great part of Persia, died January 5, 1478, and was succeeded by his son Abū'l Fath Khalīl, who died July 15, 1478. As Hasan was living when the treatise was written, its date must be anterior to 1478; and as Khalīl is spoken of as the jewel next in value to the reigning sovereign, he must have been the recognised successor to the throne. Khalīl was probably not recognised as successor before the revolt of his elder brother, Oghurlū Muḥammad, against his father in 1470, or, perhaps, not until Oghurlū Muḥammad's death in 1475; and the date of Muḥammad B. Mansūr's book is therefore between 1470 and 1478, and not 1300.*

The treatise on precious stones by Ibn al Mubārak al Kazvini, entitled *Rasālah dar ma'rifa't i javāhir*, was written between 1514 and 1520 for Sultan Salīm I. (died September 21, 1520). From this author we gain conclusive information on Nasir ed-din's *Tansūk-nāmah* and Muḥammad B. Mansūr's *Rasālah*. He states in his preface:

"Various treatises on precious stones have been written, but the best is the Persian one of the late Amir Sadr ed-din Shirāzi, which he translated by order of the late Sultān Khalīl from the Arabic treatise of the Tūsi philosopher; in this treatise the Amir gives a detailed description of the precious stones, but omits many of their medicinal properties, their beneficial or injurious effects on the human body, the manner of using them properly for curing special diseases and complaints, and also does not mention some of the specific properties of precious stones given in Tifashi's treatise, probably because he did not happen to possess a copy of it, and therefore I, Ibn al Mubārak Muḥammad al Kazvini, one of the late Amir's pupils, write this treatise . . . for Sultān Salīm."

The Amir Sadr ed-din Shirāzi here mentioned, in full, Amir Sadr ed-din Muḥammad B. Mir Ghiyāth ed-din Mansūr Shirāzi, translator of the Tūsi philosopher's (Nasir ed-din) treatise on precious stones (*Tansūk-nāmah*), is thus the same person as the Muḥammad B. Mansūr, author of the *Rasālah i javāhir i sultāni*; this *Rasālah*, until now supposed to be an original

* Oghurlū Muḥammad joined the Ottoman Turks in A.H. 874 (1469-70), and married a daughter of Sultan Muḥammad II. The *Jahān Arā* states that shortly before Hasan Beg's death the news of his eldest son's death reached Tabriz, where Hasan Beg then was, but from Venetians (Angiolello and Zeno), then resident in Persia, we learn that Oghurlū Muḥammad (Gurlumameth and Unghermaumet they call him) was enticed to Tabriz and strangled by his father in 1475.

work composed in 1300, is a translation of Nasir ed-din Tūsi's *Tansūk-nāmah*, and "made between 1470 and 1478 for Sultān Khalīl; and Ibn al Mubārak's treatise is a revised edition of Sadr ed-din Muḥammad B. Mansūr's *rasālah*, with a longer preliminary discourse and some additions from Tifashi (died 1253-4) on the medicinal properties of precious stones. Muḥammad B. Mansūr, to whom many writers, justly as they thought, "accorded the honour of having been the first since Pliny to compose a really scientific and systematic treatise upon this branch of mineralogy," and who was considered "to have anticipated by many centuries the founders in Europe of the modern science in several of their supposed discoveries" (King), &c., is therefore only a translator of Nasir ed-din, who wrote two centuries before him.

I have not seen the original Arabic text of the *Tansūk-nāmah*, and cannot judge of the value of Muḥammad B. Mansūr's translation; but by comparing the text of the *rasālah* with that of the Persian *Tansūk-nāmah* I find that Muḥammad B. Mansūr, in order to bring the work up to date, has added some extracts from authors later than Nasir ed-din and altered the prices of precious stones.

The three copies of the *Tansūk-nāmah* which I have seen are a Persian translation of the original text without any additions. We do not know when this translation was made: one of my copies is dated A.H. 973 (1565-6), the other and the British Museum copy are without date.

Muḥammad B. Mansūr, Amir Sadr ed-din, was born in 1415, and died, slain by the successors of Hasan Beg, whom he served, in A.H. 903 (1497-8).

A. HOUTUM-SCHINDLER.

Teheran: Oct. 16, 1895.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

APART from reviews, most of which happen to be of foreign books—or, at least, of books not written by Englishmen—the December number of the *Classical Review* (David Nutt) contains several original articles. Mr. J. Donovan—who now gives his address at Stonyhurst College—concludes his lively series of papers entitled "German Opinion on Greek Jussives." His subject is really a demonstration that the function of the aorist is "concluded action," which was before supported by the analogy of the Slavonic languages, and now by the traditions of the Alexandrine grammarians as preserved in Modern Greek. Prof. Pelham supplies a new explanation of the passage in Tacitus (*Ann.* 11, 23), which describes the admission into the senate by Claudius of the chiefs of Gallia Comata. His argument is that their previous disqualification was not special, but extended equally to natives of Italy, whose ancestors had for generations been Roman citizens. Mr. Warde Fowler discusses another interesting question: whether the wife of the Flamen Dialis was necessarily the priestess of Juno—involving the further question: whether, before the influence of Greek ideas was felt in Italy, there was any distinct tendency at Rome to group the gods in family relations. Prof. Robinson Ellis contributes three geographical notes on Propertius; Prof. P. J. Mayor concludes his critical notes on the "Stromateis" of Clement of Alexandria, book viii. being ignored as probably belonging to a different treatise; and Mr. J. Wood Brown also concludes his list of variants in the Florence MS. of Nonius. Among the reviews we may specially mention that by Mr. D. B. Monro of the second hymn with musical notation found by the French in their excavation of Delphi. And we notice that Mr.

F. G. Kenyon incidentally records his opinion, based upon "the immense increase of material for the palaeography of the first two centuries," that the MS. of the *Ἀθηναίων Πολιτεία* must have been written about 100 A.D.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, November 18.)

DR. BERNARD BOSANQUET, president, in the chair.—A resolution was passed expressing the regret of the society at the loss by death of Mr. E. H. Rhodes, an old member and former officer.—A paper was read by Mr. E. C. Benecke on "What is meant by the *a priori* Element in Knowledge?" The term *a priori* is very variously defined. Thus, according to Mr. Bosanquet, the differentia of the *a priori* is, that it be "inferred from knowledge other than itself," while, according to Kant, it is, that it be entirely independent of any kind of experience. The question, "Is there a *a priori* element in knowledge? If so, what is it?" will therefore be very different according as we use the term in the one sense or the other. Without attempting to answer this question, the reader gave as his purpose the consideration (1) what may be meant by the term, and (2) whether so to define the *a priori* as (with Kant) to exclude from it all that is due to experience of any kind whatever, gives us the question in its most desirable form. In every case of the acquisition of knowledge, one of the conditions is the knowledge we possessed before the acquisition and our state of mind with regard to it. This previous state of the mind with the whole of its contents, so far as they relate to the matter in hand, may be called the *prius*, in distinction to the corresponding state after the acquisition, which may be called the *posterius*. The knowledge acquired may be named *prioric* and *posterioric*, according as the one condition or the other is distinguished. The distinction between *prioric* and *posterioric* knowledge appears to be much less fundamental than that which is usually drawn between a *priori* and a *posteriori* knowledge, particularly if, with Kant, we hold that necessity is a property, and an exclusive property, of the former. And if we consider that the *posterius* of one inference becomes the *prius* of the next, so that a conclusion may be *prioric*, though drawn from premises which were obtained *posterioric*, the *prioric* and *posterioric* seem to have no connexion with Kant's *a priori* and *a posteriori*. But this is not really so; for all necessary truth, in whatever way we define necessity, belongs to the *prioric*, and (with the exception of the original knowledge, independent of all experience, if any such exists) all the *prioric* is "inferred from knowledge other than itself"—i.e., a *priori* in Mr. Bosanquet's sense of the term. The *prioric* thus forms a kind of bridge between Kant's and Mr. Bosanquet's meaning of a *priori*. Taking the *prioric* as a genus, we may form the following series of species and sub-species—viz. (1) The universal; and (2) the necessary part of the *prioric*; and (3) original necessary knowledge (Kant's *a priori*), if any such exists. We may call that a *priori* knowledge which is derived from any of these classes. Whether it is desirable to exclude from the definition of a *priori* all that is due to experience of any kind must depend on the object in view. For most questions of metaphysics or psychology it will probably be most convenient to define it in Kant's sense; while for those on the genesis and conditions of knowledge, or on the processes of the acquisition of any particular knowledge or their validity, it will be better to understand the term either as denoting the whole of the necessary part of the *prioric* or the whole of its universal part, according as the one distinction or the other is of most importance for the matter in hand.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

CLIFTON SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Nov. 30.)

ARTHUR S. WAX, Esq., president, in the chair.—After reviewing the career of John Marston, Mr. Wax, in a paper on "Marston's Poems and Satires," said that in Marston's works we find three very distinct types: the romantic, of which the sole example is "Pygmalion's Image"; the satirical, or, rather, vituperative, comprising the Satires and the "Scourge of Villainy"; and

the dramatic, comprising tragedy, comedy, and masque. We are not surprised to find the first work of a young man of twenty purely imitative. "Pygmalion" drew its inspiration from "Venus and Adonis," which had appeared five years before. It is Shakspeare-and-water: the lines run smoothly and the rhymes are correct, but there is no inspiration such as appears in fitful flashes through his plays; there is, indeed, a certain glow, but it is of the flesh, not of the spirit. In a passage in Satire VI. of the "Scourge of Villainy" we find him claiming, with dubious sincerity, that "Pygmalion" was written to bring discredit (by a *reductio ad absurdum* we may presume) on an amorous species of poetry which had attained some vogue. There is nothing in the poem itself, or in its introductory invocation to "Good Opinion," or in the dedicatory lines "To his Mistress," which countenance this contention; but we do find some fifty lines appended to it in which the author seems to anticipate adverse criticism by sneering at himself, which he sarcastically entitles "The Author in Praise of his Precedent Poem." But this, besides its suspicious appearance of being an afterthought, inserted when "Pygmalion" was issued in one volume with the Satires, does not, at most, imply that he designed the poem as a moral rebuke to the admirers of "Venus and Adonis," "Hero and Leander," and the like, but only that he deprecated being taken seriously—that he was conscious of the literary, rather than of the moral, defects of his production. This disclaimer was certainly not accepted by his graver contemporaries, since, in the next year (1599), Archbishop Whitgift included "Pygmalion" in a holocaust of works of corrupting tendency. If one thing more than another could make us doubt the sincerity of his denial with respect to "Pygmalion," it would be the vigour of his protestations with respect to his Satires. He would have us believe him inspired by all the *saeva indignatio* of a Juvenal; by the jealousy for righteousness of a Hebrew prophet. But when we come to wade through these diatribes, with their wearisome iteration of scandal and libel, with their eternal raking of muck-heaps, with their pictures of a world where all is unredeemed uncleanness, gluttony, greed and foppery, when at every turn we have forced upon us the personal animus of the writer, who is for ever snapping and snarling at the heels of rivals, we must needs make large deductions from his own claims. The Satires and the Scourge read like the work of a young man who, conscious of some talent, was eager to make all possible literary capital out of the social scandals of a great city, and who was troubled by no scruples as to the use he made of floating gossip and tavern mare's-nests, who exaggerated and multiplied instances till it seems as if London was then one sink of corruption, where man's honour and woman's chastity found no place. We incline to assent to the indictment of that anonymous author of "The Whipping of the Satire," who in his preface takes Marston to task. The versification seems designedly uncouth. Whatever allowance be made for peculiarities of Elizabethan accentuation, or pronunciation of syllables now suppressed, many of his lines still resist all attempts to make them scan. As his metres run smoothly enough in "Pygmalion," and when he chooses, in his plays, we are driven to the conclusion that he assumed this uncouthness as a feature, in his view, appropriate to his subject and the high-wrought emotion which, as he pretends, stirred him. Though for us these productions are hardly readable, and the allusions generally unintelligible, they were by no means literary failures then. We might almost say that this young man of twenty-two woke up and found himself famous. Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, the very year of the appearance of Marston's Satires, reckons him among the foremost English satirists. The roughly, savagely drawn portraits which crowded them were fitted to originals by the readers, and the book seems to have had for a short time as great a vogue as some of the scandalous memoirs of the nineteenth century. Some of the portraits have touches which, even in the balance of clauses, remind us of Pope so far as a dung-fork can remind us of a rapier. Whatever whim may have prompted him to dedicate his last Satires "to

everlasting oblivion," it is clear that Marston had a very pretty conceit of himself, and that he was prepared to resent very highly any attempt of rivals to hasten the doom that he had invoked, and which he probably thought was deserved yet more by them. A bitter feud with Hall, a satirist as uncouth and chaotic as himself, arose from a scurvy trick played by the latter. Immediately after the publication of "Pygmalion," Hall wrote an epigram on its author, which he was shabby enough to contrive to paste into every copy of "Pygmalion" which came to the booksellers at Cambridge. Marston flew at Hall like a dog whose bone has been snatched by another cur, and thenceforth the air was loud with their snarlings and yelpings. Such stomach for fight had Marston that he must needs assail Ben Jonson. But he had better have left him alone. In a personal encounter brawny Ben "beat him and took his pistol from him," and in the *Poetaster* he pulverised him and "damned him to everlasting fame." Probably Marston was not sorry to be reconciled to the giant, to whom we find him dedicating his play of "The Malcontent" (1604) in very complimentary terms; while in "Eastward Ho!" next year they seem to have amicably collaborated. The truce, however, was brief. No truce could be otherwise with so touchy, truculent, and conceited a writer as Marston. So through ten tempestuous years he strutted, and fretted, and declaimed, and then turned his back finally on satirical drama, and amid the incredulous wonder of playwright and actor, and the Homeric laughter of "the tribe of Ben," appeared on a totally new stage as a pastor of the Church of England. In 1631 he resigned his living of Christchurch, and in 1634 was laid beside his father, as Wood tells us, "in the church belonging to the Temple, in the suburbs of London, under the stone which hath on it *Oblivioni Sacrum*."—Miss Louisa Mary Davies, in "A Consideration of 'Antonio and Mellida,'" said that it is difficult to give a general view of the play, because it is difficult to take it quite seriously: the tragedy so often provokes a smile, the comedy so often provokes a yawn, and the pathos so often resolves itself into bathos. It may be likened to what is technically called "crazy patchwork." To the uninitiated, it may be explained that this particular kind of patchwork would convey to the superficial (masculine) intellect the impression that a number of fragments of materials of every imaginable shape and colour had been shaken by a maniac out of a bag, and had been allowed to settle permanently where they fell; that they had afterwards been joined together by frankly obvious devices, and then decorated with stars, spiders, feathers, and demons in curious workmanship; hideous incongruities being finally introduced here and there to obviate any suspicion of design. For an illustration of dramatic crazy patchwork we need look no farther than the beginning of Act i., consisting of explosive questions, flimsy witticisms, and high-sounding extravaganzas. Can we imagine Marston himself taking such a scene seriously? Through the din of rushing words, now rising to the loftiest altitude of dramatic hyperbole, and anon sinking to jokes, grotesque or feeble, it is a real labour to track the sinuous course of the narrative. This is more especially the case since, when, after a tragic scene, we begin to think we are fairly on the track, we are suddenly pulled up short by finding two or three pages of utterly irrelevant low comedy before us, on completion of which we have lost the tail of the story. An initial difficulty is, that the beginning is "non est," or, at any rate, is kept back to serve as an opening to a second play, where it could have been perfectly well dispensed with. This story of hide-and-seek in the play is not redeemed from poverty either by the charm of the chief personages or by marked skill in delineation of character. The hero is truly a Knight of the Woeful Countenance; and he is a man dependent on father, friend, and even wife, for a sufficient supply of courage to live out his life to the end! His affianced wife was made of nobler stuff. She is a sentimental young creature, with warm affections and a pretty turn for pensiveness. Indeed, we tire somewhat of her perpetually recurrent cuckoo-note, "Ay me!" But she is better than that: she is a very loyal lover, and knows how to apportion her repulses to her unwelcome suitors—

a snub direct for the one, and a little womanly pleading with the other. The villain of the play is a villain—very, very black, except where he is red. His niece, Rosaline, a young lady of unfettered thought and speech, is one of those whose intense enthusiasm for their own concerns blunts their sensibilities to the perception of baseness in others, and makes them easily friends with all the world, except those who interfere in any way with their own enjoyment. Andrugio is good, but heavy. His speeches contain many fine thoughts, but the general setting of them is heavy and ineffective. Felice is labelled "a shrewd contemptative cynic"; but unless cynicism means a keen insight into the realities hidden under the mask of vulgar buffoonery, affectation, and humbug of all kinds, he is surely misnamed. Marston's literary style as exemplified in this play must not pass without a word to itself. Whatever may be its merits or demerits, it is a style of itself; and it can hardly be denied that, though some of the thoughts are noble and good, the style of their presentment is turgid, hyperbolic, inharmonious, and disfigured with strings of verse and prose in alien tongues which, far from giving a literary air to the whole, have the grotesque effect of acrobatic tumblings. Was ever anything written to which the adjective "turgid" could be more justly applied than to Antonio's account of his shipwreck given to Mellida at her father's court? And as for hyperbole, take the same young gentleman's description of a sea-fight:

"A fight at sea.

As horrid as the hideous day of doom,
In which the sea hath swoln with Genoa's blood
And made spring-tides with the warm reeking
gore

That gushes from out our galley's scupper-holes."

Examples of inharmonious language might be culled from every page, and the polyglot excrecences need no specifying. The most absurd, surely, is the one concluding Mellida's final love ecstasy.

—Miss Julia Gillard reported on the "Musical Allusions in 'Antonio and Mellida,'" calling special attention: (1) to the difference between Elizabethan and Victorian cornets, and between a flourish and a synnet sounded by them; (2) to the signification of descendant and ground, division, minnikin, mean, ela, and pricksong; (3) to the universal cultivation of music in Marston's time; (4) to the devotion of the musicians of the period to harmony and counterpoint.

FINE ART.

SOME BOOKS ON ARCHAEOLOGY.

Abriss der Kunstgeschichte des Alterthums. By Gustav Ebe. (Düsseldorf: Schwann.) This is a large and handsome volume, excellently printed and well illustrated. In the preface the author states that "the illustrations relating to the pre-classical periods of art are for the most part taken from the great work of Perrot and Chipiez." It would have been truer to say that not only the illustrations but the matter also is borrowed from that monumental work. Dr. Ebe is a compiler and not an original investigator, and he lacks not only the charm of style but also the genius and profound learning of Prof. Perrot. The result is a want of accuracy which has sometimes led him into very curious mistakes. Thus, on pages 316, 317, he has turned the French prepositions *de* and *à* into parts of Hebrew names, and gravely informs us that there are Jewish seals which are inscribed with the names of "D'Obadyahu," "De Hananyahu," and "A'Molokziph"! The "A'Molokchif," which he adds, does not exist. His references to authorities are singularly meagre, and the value of them may be judged of from the fact that he transforms Hinks into "Hink," and Henderson into "Hinderson." His knowledge of Oriental art and discovery is limited by the date of publication of Prof. Perrot's volumes; and accordingly he knows nothing of Prof. Petrie's discoveries at Tel el-Amarna, in the Fayyûm and elsewhere, in spite of their overwhelming

importance for Egyptian archaeology, or of the discoveries made by the Americans in Babylonia. Equally unknown to him are Dr. Dörpfeld's discoveries at Hissarlik, which have resulted in showing that we must look for the remains of Homeric Troy in the sixth and not the second city of the mound. It goes without saying that he has never heard of the excavations of Messrs. Petrie and Bliss at Tel el-Hesi, which have cast such a flood of light on the ancient art of Canaan. Even as regards the monuments at Murghab in Persia he has been misinformed, as he would see from a recent article of Dr. Weissbach. It is not "the general assumption," at all events of Assyriologists, that Murghab represents the site of Pasargada, or that the cuneiform inscriptions there relate to the great Cyrus. With these reservations, however, Dr. Ebe's book may be recommended to those who wish to have by them a convenient and well-arranged compendium of ancient archaeology, beginning with the pre-historic art of Europe, and ending with Roman art in the provinces of the West (though English readers will even here complain that Britain is more than inadequately treated, and that anyone who had seen the Roman Pharos at Dover would never have made the statement found on p. 649). Unlike Prof. Perrot, Dr. Ebe arranges his subject chronologically, and not geographically, and thus endeavours to trace the various streams of Oriental art until they converge in that of Greece. The illustrations are numerous and well selected, but they lose a good deal of their usefulness through its not being stated from what sources they are derived.

An interesting study on *Le Sanctuaire de Kirjath-jearim* (Louvain: Istas) has been published by M. H. A. Poels, which is well worthy of consideration. The author essays to prove the identity of the sanctuary of Gibeon with that of Kirjath-jearim, and, further, that Gibeon is the same place as Gibeah and Geba. Even the sanctuary of Nob is also identified with that of Gibeon. Ha-Mizpeh, moreover, it is pointed out, is merely a common term denoting "the hill" of the religious cult, Ha-Gilgal being another common term for the same idea. The volume concludes with an examination of the different accounts given in the Books of Samuel of the origin of the Israelitish monarchy and the election of Saul. M. Poels shows himself well acquainted with the critical literature on the subject, including the works of Wellhausen, Kuenen, and Driver; and he generally finds a satisfactory, even if ingenious, answer to the attacks that have been made on the unity and credibility of the Biblical narrative. Perhaps the object of the book is summed up in the last sentence of it: "Nous espérons avoir montré l'harmonie des récits bibliques, qui ont fait l'objet principal de notre étude sur le lieu du culte."

We would draw attention to the *Outlines of the History of Early Babylonia* just published at Leipzig (Th. Stauffer) by Prof. R. W. Rogers. The author has set himself the task of reconciling the apparently conflicting data of the monuments in regard to the chronology of the early dynasties, and of bringing into a convenient form the results of recent discoveries. The reign of Khammurabi of the First Dynasty of Babylon is fixed B.C. 2287-2233.

THE "PAGEANT."

THE *Pageant*, which Messrs. Henry & Co. have just issued, proves a remarkable gift-book, charged, it may be, a little too much with the spirit of pre-Raphaelite art, yet by no means exclusively pre-Raphaelite, either in its illustration or in the tendency of its literature.

We will take the literature first, for its merit is conspicuous although unequal, and several charming little contributions are either massed together or distributed among papers, some of which may certainly be too long. The collection is miscellaneous enough to recall the old-fashioned Annual, an order of publication which there can be no harm in reviving. It consists of play, story, poetry, and essay; nor does the enumeration of these altogether exhaust the departments of writing that find representation between the pretty chocolate and golden covers of this artistic little volume.

The *Pageant* opens appropriately with some verse by Mr. Swinburne, and later on there is an admirable contribution from the pen of his eminent critic friend, Mr. Theodore Watts. By Mr. Robert Bridges, some lines of exquisitely delicate fancy chronicle the passage of the South wind, when

"The warm breath of the western sea,
Circling, wrapped the tale in his cloak of cloud."

Mr. Henley has some pretty verses; and as we have said "pretty," it may be imagined that they are not at all reminiscent of his hospital poems. By M. Maeterlinck there is a short contribution in French, and what is, on the whole, an adequate translation of his weird yet tender drama, "La Mort de Tintagilles." Then Mr. Frederick Wedmore having apparently no story to send, breaks fresh ground by contributing finished paragraph-studies of scenery and character—"Provence: Morning," "Provence: Evening," "Mildred," and "A Death." There is a clever story by Mr. Lionel Johnson, and a strongly written critical essay by Prof. York Powell.

It is in the department of illustration that the pre-Raphaelite flavour is most apparent, though even here Sir Edward Burne Jones and Rossetti find themselves side by side with the maturest or more Venetian art of Mr. G. F. Watts, and with two contributions by Mr. Whistler, one of them an original lithograph—a portrait of "My Brother"; the other a dainty reproduction of the more attractive "Symphony in White." Mr. C. H. Shannon's "Romantic Landscape" is imaginative, and the sensitiveness of Mr. Rickett's art is made manifest in more than one example that accompanies Mr. Gleeson White's thoughtful criticism. Mr. Selwyn Image contributes a notable title-page.

That the *Pageant* realises the expectations formed of it hardly needs to be expressly said; but another year, if it is repeated, it should be issued on rather thicker paper, which would be more manageable, yet the volume kept within proper limits by the exclusion of all lengthy and unprofitable contributions. As economy of line is the characteristic of the artist if he is a draughtsman, so brevity is his characteristic if he is a writer. Prolixity is the note of work that is either "popular" or amateurish.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have received from Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., fifteen oil portraits and two drawings. The portraits are part of the series painted by Mr. Watts with a view of their eventually becoming the property of the nation, and are those of Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, Thomas Carlyle, Sir Andrew Clark, Sir Charles Hallé, Lord Lawrence, Sir Henry Layard, the Earl of Lytton, Cardinal Manning, John Stuart Mill, Sir Anthony Panizzi, Dante G. Rossetti, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Viscount Sherbrooke, Sir Henry Taylor, Lord Tennyson, and Thomas Wright, the Manchester philanthropist. It is hoped that the National Portrait Gallery will be opened to the public at Easter.

THE exhibitions to open next week include the following:—A collection of water-colours of Holland and the South of England, by Mr. A. W. Weedon, at the Fine Art Society's, New Bond-street; a small collection of paintings by Mr. William Padgett, executed chiefly in Holland and Flanders, at the Goupil Gallery, Regent-street; and a series of pictures by Mr. Percy Sturdee, entitled "Four Years in Japan," at the Clifford Gallery, Haymarket.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. have undertaken the publication, soon after Christmas, of Mr. Henry Wallis's new drawings of Greek Vases, notably the white Athenian Lekythi, in a series of twelve plates in colour, copied from typical specimens, together with about twenty illustrations in the descriptive text. The whole will form a handsome oblong book rather larger than imperial quarto.

MESSRS. WILLIAM HODGE, of Glasgow, has in the press *A Scots Mediaeval Architect*, by Mr. P. Macgregor Chalmers, being the biography of that unknown architect, whose shrines are still to be seen in St. Andrews, Melrose, and elsewhere, ranking among the most beautiful native art treasures which remain to us. The book will be illustrated, and the issue limited to 225 copies.

AT the meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects, to be held on Monday next, Dr. Max Ohnefalsch-Richter will read a paper on "Graeco-Phoenician Architecture in Cyprus, with special reference to the Origin and Development of the Ionic Volute."

ON Tuesday next, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the art collections formed by the late Rev. J. C. Jackson, whose collections of illuminated MSS. and liturgical works we mentioned last week. They include several pictures by names of repute, both in oil and water colour, and a fine series of historical miniatures.

THE late Philip H. Rathbone, of Liverpool, has bequeathed to the Corporation of that city eight pictures, all large and important works, which he believed to be the most valuable in his collection.

MR. KENNETH MACKENZIE'S picture of "Meadow and Moorland" has been purchased by the Kent Kingdom trustees for the art gallery of the Albert Memorial Museum at Exeter.

AFTER considering Sir Frederic Leighton's report upon the various designs submitted for the Siddons memorial, to be erected on Paddington Green, the subscribers have selected a model sent in by Mr. W. Brindley. The statue, which will represent Mrs. Siddons seated in Grecian attire, will cost £450, and of this upwards of £315 has already been subscribed.

IN the ACADEMY of November 23 we reported a discussion in the Académie des Inscriptions upon a rude stone object, apparently inscribed with Runic characters, which had been dredged up in the harbour of Havre. Prof. Wimmer, of Copenhagen, now states that it is a well-known antiquity, which was accidentally lost on its way back from the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

ON Thursday week Mr. Henschel gave his fourth concert at St. James's Hall. He has now arrived at Beethoven's middle period. The programme opened with the "Leonore" No. 3. His reading was good, if not great. It was good, because the conductor understands the music, and is in sympathy with it. It was not great, because there was more enthusiasm than firm generalship. Mr. Henschel, how-

ever, does so many things well, that it is not surprising if he stands one degree lower than a few notable conductors of the present day. He has done much for the cause of good music in this city, and his many gifts have been duly acknowledged. Mme. Haas gave a very neat rendering of the pianoforte Concerto in G; but she can scarcely be said to have revealed the exquisite pathos, the nobility of the music.

A Sonata for pianoforte and violin by César Franck was performed by Herr Reisenauer and Mlle. Irma Sethe at St. James's Hall last Friday week. The work was heard here a few seasons ago for the first time. The composer is thought highly of by many eminent musicians; but his music is not easy to grasp, especially that of his latter period, to which this Sonata belongs. In form the work is peculiar. The two artists deserve praise for introducing it, although we do not think Herr Reisenauer interpreted his part with becoming taste and delicacy.

Herr Rosenthal gave his third pianoforte recital on Monday afternoon. There were several pieces on his programme enabling him to offer further proofs of his skill as an executant; as, however, there is no difference of opinion on this matter, there is no need to dwell on it. The pianist gave an exceedingly refined reading of the first three movements of Chopin's Sonata in B Minor, and played the Finale with all necessary brio and brilliancy. Yet, in spite of many excellent points, the interpretation—especially of the slow movement—seemed the result of thought rather than of feeling. It is easy to pass judgment, yet it would often prove difficult to justify it. As to the amount of true feeling displayed by a performer, a critic can only write according to the impression produced on him; and his words carry weight just in proportion as they agree with the written experience of serious critics, or the unwritten experience of true musicians. Herr Rosenthal played Schubert's Fantasia in C (Op. 15), a work which, on account of its difficult technique, only great pianists can safely attempt. Even through this difficulty of technique, in spite of many wonderful achievements, it did not prove the pianist's finest display. The Fantasia, however, was not written as a show-piece; it is only when the notes, through which only the indwelling spirit can be revealed, are forgotten, that the music produces its true and great effect. It is indeed hard, we must not say impossible, for a great virtuoso to enter into the kingdom of pure art.

Mr. David Bispham gave the first of his three concerts of "Music of Old Times" at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The scheme is an excellent one; not only is old music performed, but on old instruments. At this first concert a lute was used that was made in Venice about 1560, an Italian Viola da Gamba and a Viola d'amore made more than a century and a-half ago, also a Kirkman harpsichord of 1758. There are some musicians who would always play what was written for the harpsichord on an instrument of the kind. In the case of some of Bach's greatest clavier works, we hold this to be a mistake. It may be interesting now and then to hear them on an old instrument; but the jingling tone of the harpsichord, or the weak tone of the clavier, ill-agrees with that composer's mighty music. We readily grant that with a pianoforte certain effects of tone and colour peculiar to those instruments are lost; but in other respects there is gain. For clavier music such as that of Domenico Scarlatti the harpsichord is preferable: Scarlatti, whatever the charm or skill of his compositions, was but a child in comparison with his great contemporary. Again, in concerted music, such as Mr. Bispham offered us—that is, for harpsichord in

combination with one or more of the instruments named above—a pianoforte is quite out of place: the colour, the balance of tone, is thereby destroyed. The interpreters of the instrumental music were Mr. and Miss Dolmetsch and Mr. Fuller-Maitland, all well-known exponents of old music; and all three achieved a well-deserved success. The vocal music was extremely interesting. Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Bispham sang two Pastoral Dialogues, the one by Lanieri, Master of the Music to King Charles I., the other by John Jenkins, in his day "one of the most popular of composers." The archness of the words, the quaintness, power of characterisation, and true feeling of the music, were features which made due impression; both artists sang delightfully. Mrs. Hutchinson sang other songs, and Mr. Bispham was heard to advantage in songs by Lawes and Purcell. There were some useful and interesting historical and analytical notes by Mr. E. F. Jacques in the programme-book. If, however, at the Popular Concerts for the well-known works of the classical masters analysis of the instrumental music is considered desirable, it would surely be wise in future for Mr. Bispham also to have analytical notes, so that the public might be to some extent prepared. Those notes need be neither long nor over-learned.

The Queen's Hall Choir, under the direction of Mr. Randegger, gave a performance of Handel's oratorio, "Samson," on Wednesday evening. Since the dissolution of the Sacred Harmonic Society in 1888, there has been no oratorio society in central London; and if only for the sake of making known Handel's masterpieces, such a society ought to exist. The "Messiah" is constantly heard in churches or at festivals, and "Israel" is occasionally per-

formed by Sir J. Barnby's Choir and at the Handel Festival. But what about the twenty other works of a similar kind by the great composer? What does the rising generation know of the glories of "Esther," "Belshazzar," "Solomon," "Jephtha"? There are many things in Handel's phraseology which now sound odd and old-fashioned, and the formal character of the various numbers scarcely commends itself to those who have received the gospel as preached by Gluck and Wagner. These are obstacles to one's appreciation and enjoyment, yet they should be overcome for the sake of the strength and sublimity of Handel's music. The Queen's Hall Choir has given "Samson," let us hope, by way of prelude. The performance, on the whole, was exceedingly good. Of the soloists the gentlemen, Messrs. Ben Davies and Mr. Watkins Mills (the two giants of the story), carried off chief honours. Miss Dews deserves a word of praise, especially for her declamation. The chorus sang, at first, tamely, but later on with spirit. Prof. Prout's judicious additional accompaniments were used.

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